Letters From Uncle Henry

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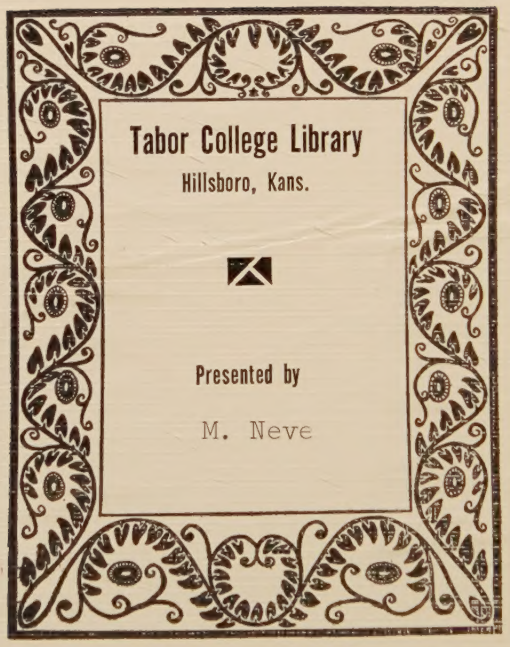

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UNCLE HENRY AND MIKE

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Letters from Uncle Henry

Being His Adventures with Children, Dogs, Fairies, Ambitious Pigs and Others

BY

HENRY B. MASON

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
MCMXXVI

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To

ELEANOR

WHO INTRODUCED ME TO JOHN MARTIN AND
THROUGH HIM TO ALL THE CHILDREN

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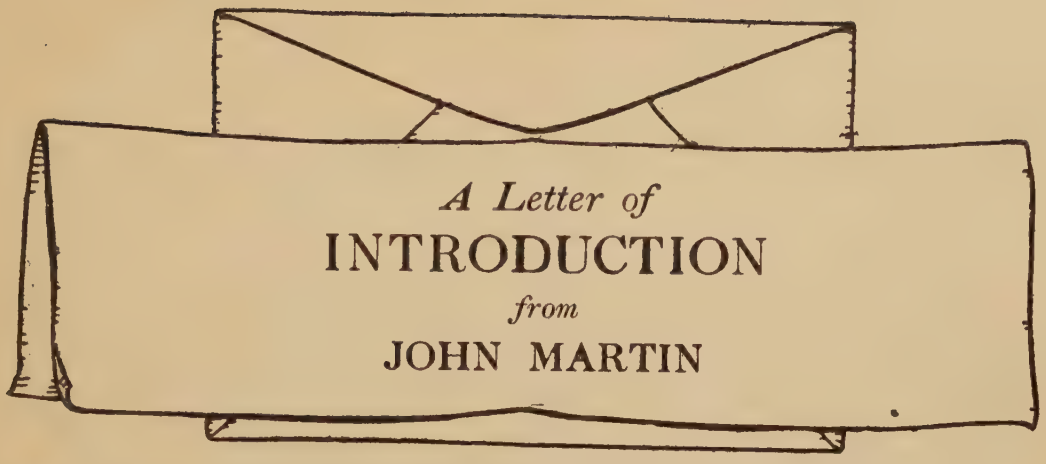


A Letter of INTRODUCTION *from* JOHN MARTIN

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Introductions to books always seem to stand in the way of the pleasure we want to get right into as quickly as possible. We are young and we don't like to waste time with pages that don't look like stories or like the fun we are waiting for.

I know how you feel about these introductions, and as I write this one I say: "But this is an introduction of another kind: it *introduces* Uncle Henry to the children!"

And that is just what it is—a little "get acquainted" letter. Of course, Uncle Henry is like you children; he does not *need* introducing, for his heart is like yours, all full of fun and make-believe. Why bother about formalities. But, you see, books are a little particular about themselves; they feel rather dignified; so, just to please this book, we are giving a page or two of introduction, out of respect for its dignity.

Yes, we could get along without these pages, but I know Uncle Henry better than you do (and very proud of this I am), so I want to get a little piece of pride for myself by saying: "*Children, this is my old friend, Uncle Henry. I've known him long and love him well. Now, get your hearts and heads together, for we're off for long hours of fun and long years of happy memory.*"

In an introduction of this kind, I have the pride and happiness we all have when we get good playmates together, and are sure good fun is to begin. So, children, there you are, introduced to Uncle Henry.

But I know that you will let me add a few words to these I have written, because I want you to know a little more of what he has been and is; and perhaps the grown-ups you live with may want to know about your new playmate.

In the first place, he *is* an Uncle Henry, with lots of nephews and nieces who call him so; and he is, besides, an uncle by adoption to hundreds of other children. And then, though he has been and is a wise and greatly respected Lawyer Man, I suspect that he has always had more fun writing letters to children than writing legal briefs, and I have a notion that in loving children, he gets something better than the gold which the law has paid him.

I never knew the time he was not writing his wonderful letters to children. This is his fun, and it has kept his heart as young as yours. He sees things fairy-like just as you children do, and he knows that all make-believe is true as *true,* for it is making *beliefs* come true. As for *imagination* (which is the greatest treasure we young hearts have), there is no end to Uncle Henry's; when you read this book you will see this as plainly as I. I know all about it, because I have tried to get to the end of it along with him and was only left far behind, panting for more of my own to keep up with him. Such an imagination, too, so full of whimsies, and tenderness, and big, human kindness!

Yes, he is very real in the sweetest and truest way. His love for you has never a bit of silly stuff in it, but is as natural as breathing and the eating of good foods. Then his devotion to dogs and dumb beasties! This is real, too, and so real that he seems to get right into their very hides, living and feeling as they do, and even "wagging" as they do. What fun he has, and what fun you will have with him! And the fairies! Why, children, he knows the exact size of their panties and petticoats, and has forgotten more fairy secrets than they themselves remember.

I could write most of a big book about the real Uncle Henry that I am introducing to you, but I shall not, for I, too, want to hurry with you into the following merry pages of Uncle Henry's letters to you.

There! This introduction was not such a bore, after all, was it? And I am now hoping that, from this day, you will always read introductions; for, after all, they have a place in your books, just as hats have places on

heads. They are like very kindly doors that let you into the hearts and minds of those Author People, who want only to make you happier or who seek to give you some new wisdom that will make your lives the more joyous and better worth living.

Finally, as you read these "Letters from Uncle Henry," you will surely feel that he is writing them just to you, for he has told me that you *are* very dear to him, and that he has had his letters made into a book so that he can have fun with and give fun to more and more children. His heart is very big and will love and hold an army of children. Oh, what a good time is ahead of you, with a companion like your Uncle Henry!

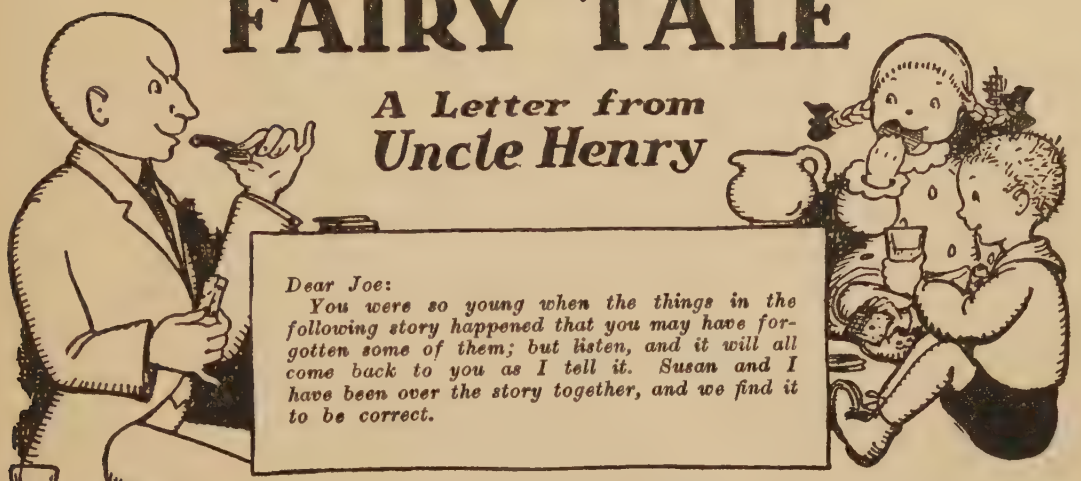
Now, turn and read the pages of
The letters you can't help but love;
For Uncle Henry really is
A child in every thought of his.
And as for me, just see *my* heart in
This Introduction.

Yours,

LETTERS FROM UNCLE HENRY

INTERRUPTED FAIRY TALE

A Letter from Uncle Henry



Dear Joe:
You were so young when the things in the following story happened that you may have forgotten some of them; but listen, and it will all come back to you as I tell it. Susan and I have been over the story together, and we find it to be correct.

WHEN Susan came back from Fairyland, of course, we wanted to hear all about her adventures. Susan and the rest of us went to the grape arbor, carrying with us a pitcher of lemonade, half a dozen slices of sponge cake, a dozen pieces of cheese and twenty-four gingersnaps. We ate these up and threw the crumbs to the birds.

Then we settled back comfortably in the garden chairs and told Susan to go ahead. Now, the king of the fairies had laid a charm on Susan to prevent her from telling things which the fairies prefer to keep secret. The charm was such that if she began to tell something which was forbidden, she couldn't go on with that part of her story, try as hard as ever she was able. She would find herself saying something which didn't really make any sense.

Susan didn't know that this charm had been laid upon her. She found out that it had, after she began to tell us her adventures in fairyland.

I will write down just what Susan told us.

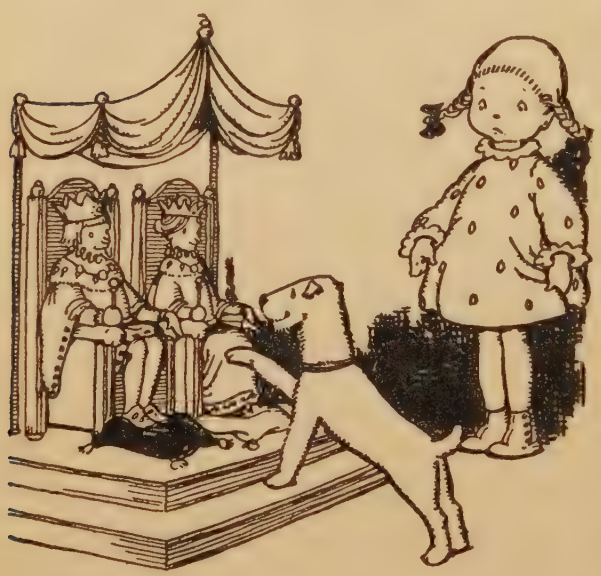
When she was brought before the king and queen of the fairies, she made a low courtesy, which she had learned at dancing school. That was the proper thing to do. The king and queen bowed pleasantly. Susan's wire-haired fox terrier, Spud, offered his paw to the king. That was a

mistake. Kings are not supposed to shake hands. However, Spud didn't know any better and it wasn't a bad mistake. Spud meant well. He had never met a king before. The king laughed and patted Spud on the head.

Next thing, the king explained to Susan that visitors to Fairyland had to take a vow.

Up to this point, Susan had talked very glibly to us in the grape arbor. She kept on glibly as far as "The vow was ————." Then she paused. You said "Keep on, Susan; this is very interesting."

We waited to hear what the vow was. Suddenly a wild look came into Susan's eyes. She herself was surprised, and certainly we were, when out of her mouth popped this verse:



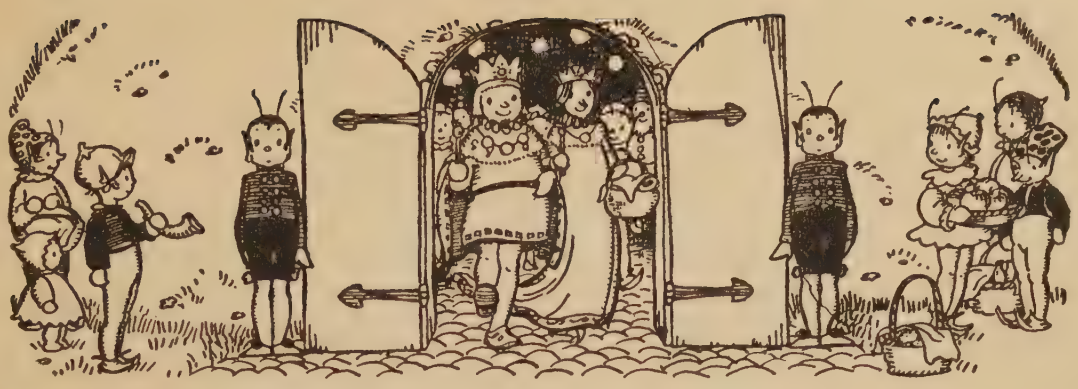
Over myself, so smooth and round,
I jump and skip with many a bound.

You told Susan that that was no vow; it was nothing but nonsense. You asked Susan, "Where would you be when you jumped over you?" That question confused Susan very much. To make it plainer, you put it this way: "Now listen, Susan, how could you be over and under at the same time?" Susan admitted that she couldn't answer that question. Susan tried to go on about the vow but she couldn't. Then we saw that it is forbidden by fairy law to tell what the vow is.

When Susan made that verse in the grape arbor, there was a sound like laughing and clapping of little hands. The sound seemed to come from the trees and bushes around us. We looked but we couldn't see anything peculiar.

Presently, I encouraged Susan to drop the vow and describe something else which happened in Fairyland. Susan began on the following without any difficulty:

There was to be a fairy picnic outside of Fairyland. All the fairies



trooped through the door of their mountain to go on the picnic. The place chosen for the picnic was a patch of woods about ten miles away. As this was rather too far for a walk, the fairies voted to ride to the picnic. A horn was blown and, at the sound, hundreds of field mice came scampering to the mountain. When the king of the fairies waved his wand, the field-mice turned into ponies; the youngest field-mice became colts.

You were very much interested but puzzled, and cried out, "Susan, how could the king change mice into ponies, just by waving his wand?"

At this question a wild look came into Susan's eyes. You said despairingly, "Oh, Susan, not another nonsense verse, I beg you." Susan tried hard but couldn't help uttering this rhyme:

Now and again I merrily shout,
As I turn completely inside out.

You groaned, "I say, Susan, you have those nonsense attacks whenever you come to something especially interesting."

When Susan made that verse in the grape arbor, there was a sound like laughing and clapping of little hands. The sound seemed to come from the trees and bushes around us. We looked, but we couldn't see anything peculiar.

I made rather a wise remark at this point. "Never mind, Susan, how the king did it," I said. "Just go on about the ponies." Susan found that she could do that.

The new ponies were mouse color, just as they were when they were field-mice. Some of the fairies wanted prettier ponies. The king gave a magic powder to the ponies and immediately each pony became exactly

the color which his rider preferred. Some ponies turned white, some dapple-gray, others bay, and a few black. If any newly colored pony had a colt at her heels, the colt changed to the new color, too.

At this point, you couldn't help asking "But, Susan, how could the magic power—?" You stopped then, because you saw a wild look coming into Susan's eyes. It was too late, however. Susan's mouth opened and before she could close it, out popped this verse:

I opened my mouth so very wide
That I tripped up and fell inside.

When Susan made that verse in the grape arbor, there was a sound like laughing and clapping of little hands. The sound seemed to come from the trees and bushes around us. We looked, but we couldn't see anything peculiar.

Susan tried to go on with the story of that picnic but she couldn't. I asked her, in a soothing tone, to tell something else about Fairyland.

Then Susan told how the fairies decided one day to go flying through the air. A bird-call was sounded from the door of the mountain, whereupon a flock of blackbirds swooped down. They were all wild birds that had never been ridden before. However, it took the king of the fairies only ten seconds or possibly twelve seconds to train those blackbirds to be perfectly safe under the saddle.

"How did he do it?" you cried. At that inquiry, a wild look came into Susan's eyes. She struggled for a moment to hold in the following verse, but it would come out:

Four and twenty blackbirds up in a balloon,
Every little quack-bird quacked a different tune.

When Susan made that verse in the grape arbor, there was a sound like laughing and clapping of little hands. The sound seemed to come from the trees and bushes around us. We looked but we couldn't see anything peculiar.

You said to yourself "blackbirds, quack-birds." Then you grew faint. I had to revive you with lemonade. When you came to, you forgot the danger of asking questions and urged Susan to tell something more about training blackbirds.

Now, Susan is always nice to you, at least nearly always, and she

wanted to oblige you. She made a fresh start: "Well, they were trained this way—."

At that point, a wild look came into Susan's eyes. She put her hand to her mouth but couldn't hold in this verse:

To please a brood of fractious doves,
A brown baboon wore yellow gloves.

When Susan said that verse in the grape arbor, there was a sound like laughing and clapping of little hands. The sound seemed to come from the trees and bushes around us. We looked, but we couldn't see anything peculiar.

I didn't mean to start Susan again but I was so curious that I began, "There's one thing, Susan, I don't understand—." I stopped when a wild look came into Susan's eyes as she sang this verse:

Purple and pink
Is the size of my wink.

I nudged you not to say anything. I patted Susan on the back kindly; but unfortunately I had started her and she couldn't help making this verse:

A fish, who wore new scarlet pants,
Was stung by swarms of furious ants.

You and I kept perfectly still, hoping that the attack would pass over; but no, her next verse was:

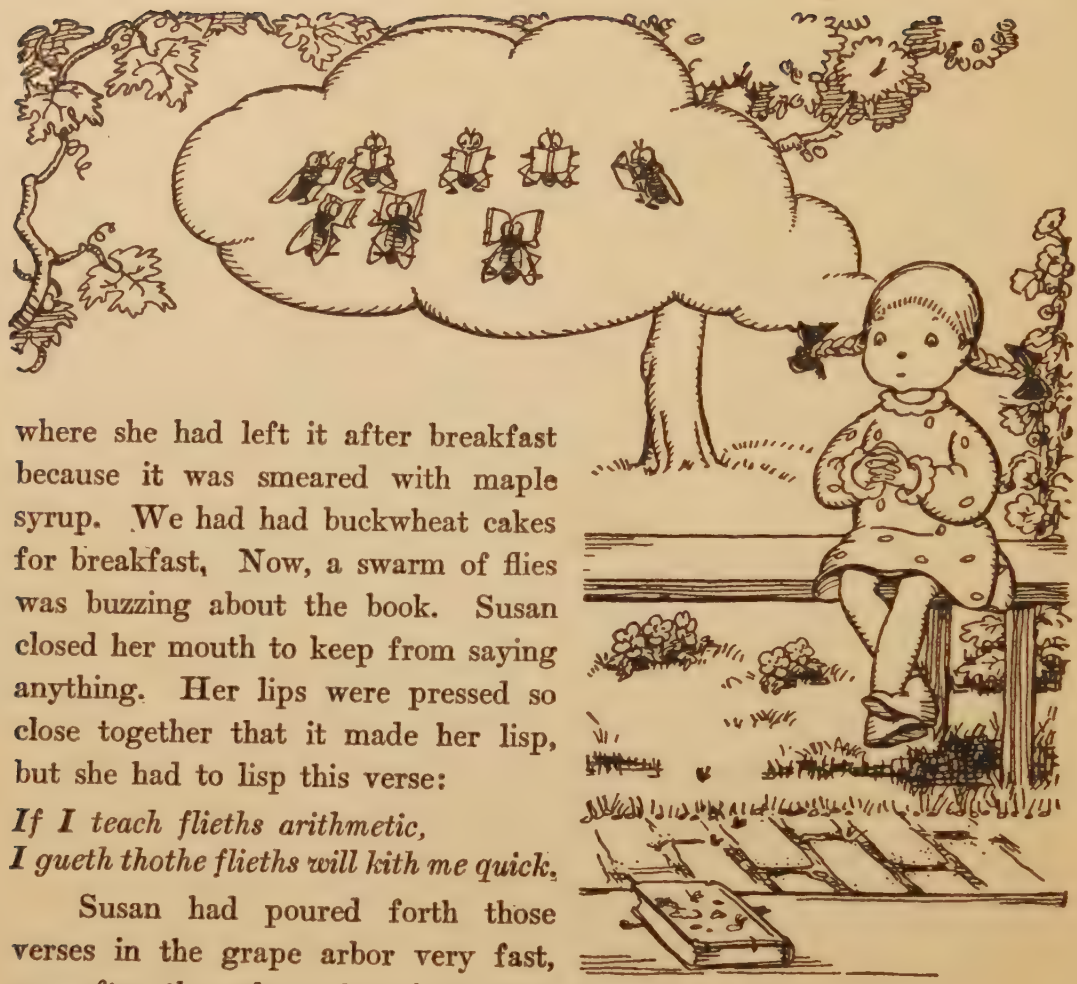
Tigers, kenneled in a thimble,
Soon become benign and nimble.

Her next verse was even worse:

Riding her shark in an easy canter,
An ardent snail met a fat enchanter.

"Susan dear," I remonstrated, "don't go on so. Better take a nap in the hammock." But there was no sleep for Susan.

She spied her arithmetic on the bench,



where she had left it after breakfast because it was smeared with maple syrup. We had had buckwheat cakes for breakfast, Now, a swarm of flies was buzzing about the book. Susan closed her mouth to keep from saying anything. Her lips were pressed so close together that it made her lisp, but she had to lisp this verse:

If I teach flieths arithmetic,
I gueth thothe flieths will kith me quick.

Susan had poured forth those verses in the grape arbor very fast, one after the other; they just came tumbling out. After the end of each verse, there was a sound like laughing and clapping of little hands. The sound seemed to come from the trees and bushes around us. We looked, but we couldn't see anything peculiar.

After a while, Susan recovered from the verses and remarked kindly to you that somehow she couldn't remember anything more about blackbirds, but would tell you about the two-headed one-legged peacock in the king's garden. Usually you would like to hear about so strange a bird, but this time you begged Susan not to go on. You reminded her that her worst attack had come over her when she tried to tell about blackbirds, and you thought that she had better drop birds entirely. I myself thought it would be wiser.

Very obligingly, therefore, Susan asked us whether we would like to hear about buried treasure. "Hurrah," cried I. You clapped your hands. Susan told the following story:

She was walking outside of Fairyland one afternoon with the queen of the fairies. They came to a hundred-acre field of grass. There the queen gave Susan magic power for a minute to see buried treasure. In that minute Susan spied a pot of money three feet under ground. She saw, as plainly as if she were looking through glass instead of solid earth, a pot of twenty-dollar gold pieces with a top-dressing of silver dollars, the chinks filled in with dimes and quarters.

When the queen wasn't looking Susan tied her red hair ribbon to a tuft of tall grass growing above the treasure, so that she would know the spot again. Then Susan ran to join the queen, who had nearly reached the door of Fairyland. The queen went in but gave Susan permission to stay outside another hour.

Susan smiled to herself to think that this would give her plenty of time to dig up the treasure with a spade, which she had noticed leaning against a fence in the next field. It took Susan only ten minutes to find the spade again and carry it on her shoulder to the hundred-acre field.

Lo and behold, there was a red ribbon tied to every tall tuft of grass on the hundred acres. This made the whole pasture look like a field of scarlet poppies. Susan couldn't possibly find her own ribbon nor the tuft of grass to which it was tied, nor the pot of money underneath.

You were so surprised, as Susan told this story in the grape arbor, that you jumped up and began to ask questions. You reminded Susan that her red ribbon had spots of olive oil from a long time ago, when you had dared Susan to dip her pigtail in your cucumber salad. "Yes," said Susan, "and every ribbon in that field was spotted with olive oil."

"Oh, dear," you went on, "but your ribbon was frayed at the ends, where our cat clawed it in fun one day." "Yes," Susan answered, "but every ribbon in that field was frayed at the ends."

It is hard for you to stop, when you begin asking questions, so you went on, "But how did the queen know—?" At that a wild look came into Susan's eyes. "Don't, Susan," you implored; but you were too late. Out came this verse:

On an iceberg perched three puffins,
Each bird hogging down hot muffins.

You uttered a wail of woe. From the trees and bushes around us came a sound like laughing and clapping of little hands. We started up and began to search the bushes. I happened to break a flower from its stem. The flower cried, "Ouch," and immediately vanished. At the same moment, all the other flowers disappeared. We think now that those flowers were fairies in disguise, listening to Susan's account of Fairyland.

Uncle Henry

A Letter from Uncle Henry

MY dear Joe:

There was a little old fairy that lived in our garret. He had run away from Russia because times were bad over there. He crept into the overcoat pocket of a man who was leaving Russia. The man didn't know that the little old fairy was in the pocket of the overcoat.

It was a very big pocket stuffed full with loaves of bread. Bread was all the man had to eat on his journey to this country. The man did not eat much at any one time. He would take out a loaf of bread, nibble at it, and put it back in his pocket. Then the little old fairy would nibble at it, too. When the man took the bread out again for another bite, he didn't notice the marks of the fairy's little teeth.

The man and the little old fairy got tired of bread on the trip across the ocean. When they landed in this country, the little old fairy watched his chance and crept into a lady's handbag. Nobody saw him. The lady came over on the same steamer that brought the man and the little old fairy.

There were some buns and peppermints in the handbag. The little old fairy took two pinches of a bun for his dinner and a small piece of peppermint for his dessert.

The lady took a cab from the steamer to the train. The little old fairy went along with her in the handbag. She hung the handbag up in

the Pullman car. When the train started, it rocked the handbag like a cradle and the little old fairy had a nice nap.

When he woke up, he was thirsty. The people in the car had gone into the dining-car for their supper. With a spool of thread that was in the lady's handbag, the little old fairy lowered himself from the handbag to the floor. He borrowed the lady's gold thimble and filled it with water from a leaky faucet at the end of the car.

The lady came to Chicago to visit at our house. We were very glad to see her. She laid her handbag down in the front parlor on the little mahogany table with spindle legs. One leg was cracked but not broken off. When nobody was looking, the little old fairy stepped out of the handbag, shinned down the leg of the table, and ran from the parlor, through the dining-room, and into the butler's pantry. Food was convenient there, so the little old fairy ate some cheese and raspberry jam.

He thought that the garret would be the safest place for him to hide, so he went there that night.

He couldn't walk up stairs as people do, because the steps were so high. He would take a run and a jump and catch the edge of a step with his hands. Then he would pull himself up onto that step. After resting a while, he would jump and catch hold of the next step, and so on, until he had gone up three stairways and found himself in the garret.

The little old fairy lived on a package of bird seed. The package had been bought to feed your mother's brown and yellow canary. The canary liked another kind of seed better, so the first package had been sent up to the garret.

The first time I saw the little old fairy was when I went up to the garret to hunt for a book. It was a very interesting story-book. None of the leaves were gone but the covers were off, and your mother had sent the book up to the garret. I lay down to read by the garret window

on a pile of old window-curtains. The curtains used to hang in the parlor but they faded in the sunshine there and were taken down. Some day your mother is going to have the curtains dyed a peacock blue and hung in the parlor again.

I was lying on the curtains, reading the story-book and sucking a lemon-drop. The little old fairy suddenly ran across the floor. The reason I could see him at all was because he had lost his invisible cap. It was found again a long time afterwards, but that is another story.

The little old fairy was shy at first and peeped at me from behind a broken screen. But I talked to him nicely. He had been very lonely in the garret. Presently, he climbed upon the curtains. I found another

lemon-drop and gave it to him. He liked it, but it was as big to him as a whole box of candy is to you.

The little old fairy and I became good friends almost at once. He told me all about coming over from Russia. Then he cuddled his little cheek against mine and we both had a nap.

You and Susan were delighted when you saw the little old fairy. He liked both of you very much indeed. At first he was rather afraid of your puppy, Sandy. But Sandy was pleasant to him and soon the little old fairy liked him so well that he would ride on Sandy's back.

The little old fairy told us of some other fairies who came from Russia and were living in the woods in Wisconsin. The little old fairy said that he would like to visit the Wisconsin fairies. Really the little old fairy didn't have clothes enough to go visiting. But we planned how

we could fit him out. You and Susan and I had been saving up money for Christmas in our tin bank, but we decided to use the money now.

It was good fun breaking the bank. You hit it the first crack with your hammer. Susan spiked it with an ice-pick. I pounded it with a brick. Then we all jumped up and down on the bank, singing a nonsense verse:—

Many thanks
For broken banks.

The bank didn't last long at that rate. Out came the pennies, nickels and dimes. There was also a worn Canadian quarter and one silver dollar with a hole through it to hang from a necklace. Your father had given Susan the dollar for learning Milton's poem about Lycidas. Susan said she thought Lycidas was worth a dollar and a half; but your father told her that a dollar was quite good pay.

We put the money from the tin bank into Susan's red morocco pocketbook that her grandmother gave her two Christmases ago. Susan had kept the pocketbook very carefully, except that she dropped some syrup on it one day when she was looking at the pocketbook and, at the same time, eating bread and syrup.

Then you and Susan and I went to a doll store. There we bought for the little old fairy four shirts, two suits of winter underwear, three one-piece suits of summer underwear, seven pairs of socks, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, two pairs of shoes, one rather heavy for walking, the other pair patent-leather dancing pumps.

Then we wondered whether we had everything to make the little old fairy comfortable. I couldn't think of anything else. But you said *nightshirts,* and we bought some tiny pajamas for the little old fairy. Susan thought and thought and finally said *handkerchiefs,* so we bought six specks of pocket handkerchiefs. Then Susan did some more thinking and said *a trunk.* At that, we bought a little trunk. It was big enough

to hold the little old fairy's clothes, but you could carry it in your hand.

The little old fairy was perfectly delighted with his new outfit. He said that he didn't need anything else, except perhaps to have the suit of clothes that he wore from Russia sponged and pressed. The little old fairy said that he liked his Russian clothes very much, only they were rather wrinkled, had some milk stains on them, and the trousers bagged at the knees.

The little old fairy went to bed, so that we could take his Russian clothes to the tailor. The tailor sponged and pressed them and made them look like new.

Then you had a bright thought. You said, "The little old fairy is going to visit those other fairies up in Wisconsin, and we want him to look as stylish as possible. His Russian suit is good for every-day wear, but I wish we could give him a new suit for Sundays."

The trouble was, we had spent all our money. However, you weeded the garden, Susan hemmed a petticoat, and I worked in my office. In that way, we earned enough money to buy the new suit. The little old fairy stayed in bed again while we took his Russian clothes to the tailor for a sample.

The tailor was very much interested and soon turned out a blue serge suit for the little old fairy. We ran home with the new clothes; but, alas, they were too large for the little old fairy. The coat collar came up to his ears. The trouser legs touched the ground.

Off we went to the tailor again. This time you carried the little old fairy in your pocket. We set him up on the counter. The tailor's cat thought that the little old fairy was a big mouse, but the tailor said no, and shut the cat up in the coat closet.

Then the tailor measured the little old fairy very carefully. He lowered the collar of

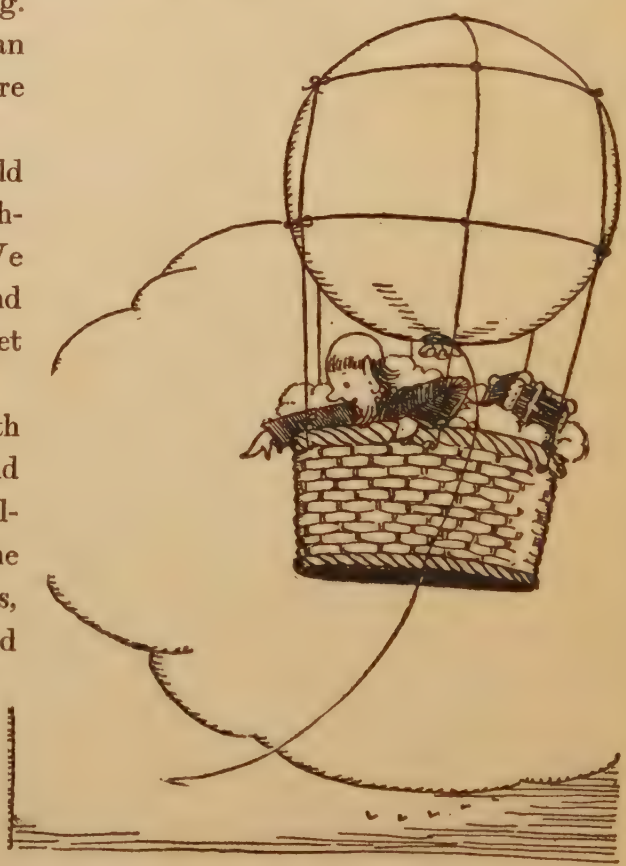
the new blue serge suit. He took the coat in a little at the waist and made the trousers shorter. When the little old fairy tried on the new blue serge suit, there was really nothing more to be done to it, except to make the trousers a little slimmer in the legs, because that is the latest fashion. The tailor cut the trousers a little slimmer in the legs, and this made the little old fairy a regular dandy.

Saturday afternoon, you and Susan and I went to the man that makes toy balloons. We bargained with him to make a toy balloon twice as big as ordinary toy balloons, so that it could carry a fairy and a fairy's trunk. We tied to the balloon a little wicker basket that Susan used to use for her sewing-thread.

Then we put up the little old fairy's luncheon, a crumb of bread with a dab of butter on it, a thimbleful of milk with a cork stopper to keep the milk from spilling. Susan gave the thimble. Susan said that she never did care much for sewing, anyhow.

We packed the little old fairy, with his trunk and luncheon, snugly into the basket. We put some cotton batting around them so they wouldn't get bruised or fall out.

Then we waited for a south wind because that is the wind that blows to Wisconsin. Finally the south wind came. The little old fairy called out to us, "Cut the thread." Susan snipped



the thread with her scissors and away flew the balloon, with the little old fairy waving his hand to us.

Joe looked rather sorrowful and said, "I love that little old fairy." We have heard from the little old fairy once since he went away. A carrier-pigeon dropped a letter in our front yard. The letter was so small that we had to use a magnifying-glass to read it. Then the words came out very plain. The little old fairy said in the letter that he was

having a fine time with the Wisconsin fairies, but that he was beginning to feel lonely without us and would be home three weeks from that day. Two weeks have already passed. We expect the little old fairy to be back in another week. We shall be very glad indeed to see that little old fairy.

Uncle Henry

DOG TALK

A LETTER *from* UNCLE HENRY

PART ONE

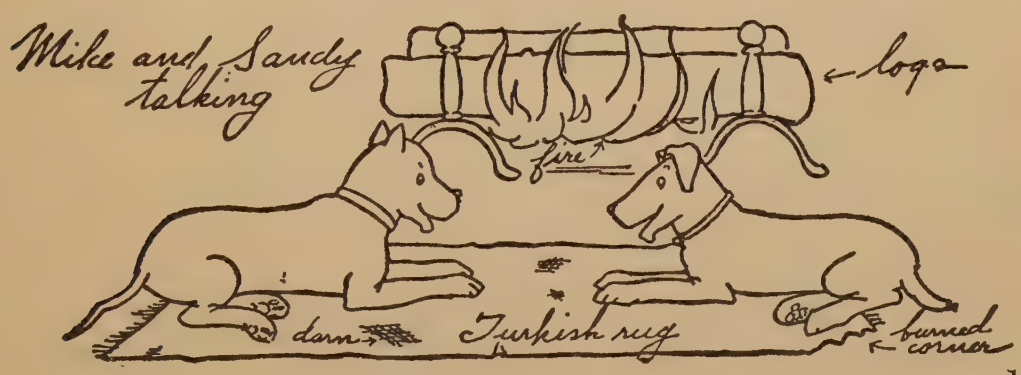
DEAR SUSAN:

Do you remember when we studied dog talk? We pretended to be reading your new story-book and looking at the pictures. Really, our ears were open to hear what the dogs were saying to each other—Sandy, the Airedale puppy, and Mike, the white bull terrier.

The dogs were lying on the little old Turkish rug in front of the open fire. Hickory logs were blazing on the brass andirons. The rug had been beautiful when new, but now was old, and the sparks from the fire had burned three holes in it and burned the corner off. Your mother gave the rug to the dogs and they were very glad to get it. You darned the holes neatly with some of the blue yarn left over from knitting a sweater for your doll.

Mike and Sandy lay stretched out on the rug. Now and then they would say a word or two to each other. Then they would look out of the corners of their eyes to see if we were listening. When they thought that we were not listening, they would say a little more in low tones! We heard them, but we pretended that we didn't hear them.

At first we could make out only a word or two of their talk, but finally we understood whole sentences. Their talk was in little gasps and grunts and yelps; once in a while, a growl. The dogs used the sign language, also,



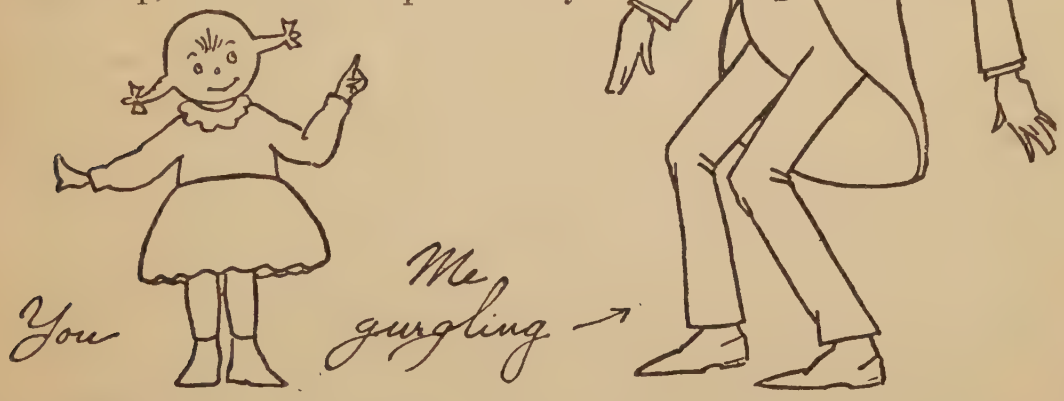
wagging their tails, cocking their ears, crossing their paws, lifting their heads, twiching their noses, and winking at each other with their eyes. The doys thought that we did not notice these things, but we did.

Dog language is a secret. Very few children or grown-ups know it. The King of the dogs made a law that the dog language should be a secret. You learned dog talk faster than I did. But, after we had heard the dogs talk before the library fire, you and I would go away into the little sitting-room and shut the door. Then you would tell me what the dogs said. You would gurgle and gasp and grunt and squeak just as Mike and Sandy did. And you would bark, but very softly, so that Mike and Sandy should not hear you. Then I would gurgle and gasp and grunt and squeak and bark at you in a low tone.

In this way I began to learn dog talk, and finally I knew it almost as well as you did; but I could never howl as naturally as you could. We didn't have to howl much. Howls are like very long words that people use once in a while; you don't have to use such long words very often.

Mike and Sandy didn't have the least notion that you and I had learned dog talk. One morning, the two dogs had had a good little breakfast of oatmeal and milk. The cook had also given each of them a buckwheat cake. Sandy took maple syrup. Mike took sugar on his cake. Then the dogs came into the library and stretched themselves out on the rug before the fire. We pretended not to take any notice of the dogs. You began to read aloud to me from your red book called "The Adventures of a Mouse" You read as far as where the mouse escaped from the tortoise-shell cat. Mike and Sandy were interested in the story, too. The story kept the dogs quiet, but we wanted to have them talk. Finally you read to yourself from the mouse book, and I read

to myself from a book about horses. The dogs thought we would not be listening to them. Mike was the first to speak. He said, "Look here, Sandy, you've got most of the rug. Aunt Mary gave half of it to me." He grunted, "All right," and moved up to give Mike more room. Then Sandy took a nap, but at last he opened his eyes



and blinked.

Mike said, "Young fellow, what makes you so sleepy this morning?" Sandy replied, "Oh, I didn't have a good night's rest. I had bad dreams about rats and cats. Just as I was going to catch them, in my dream, the cats ran up a tree, and the rats down a rat-hole. Mike laughed heartily at Sandy's dreams. Sandy smiled. Then Mike said to Sandy, "It was fine for the King of the dogs to invite us to his grand party to-night."

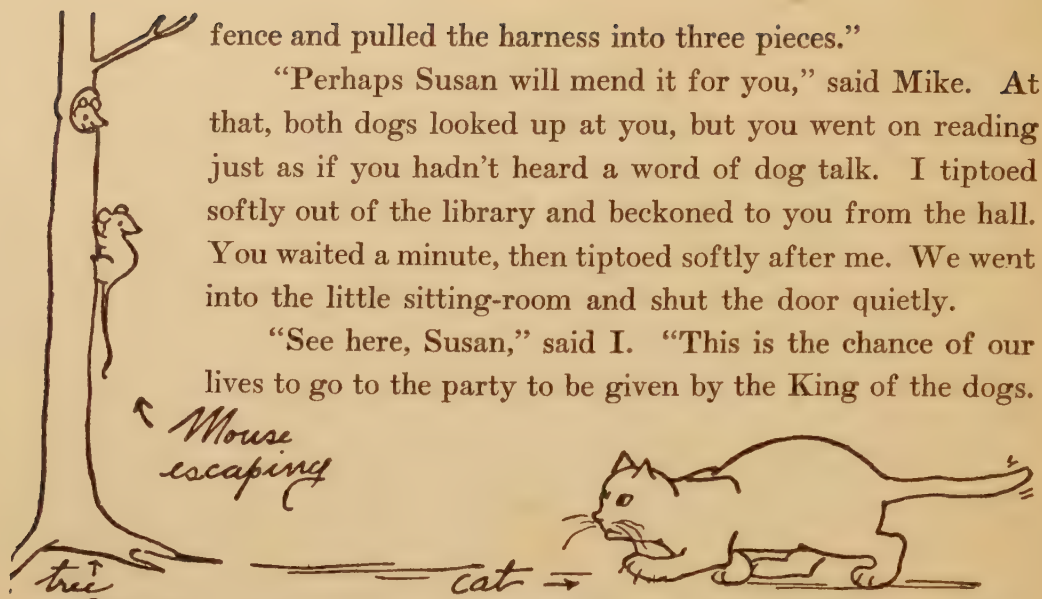
Susan, it was all you and I could do to keep from starting at this news; but we didn't. We kept perfectly still, with our eyes on our books, pretending to read. Really we were listening to hear about the party.

"What are you going to wear?" said Sandy to Mike. "My new black harness, of course," replied Mike. "It goes well with my white complexion." "Oh, dear," said Sandy, "I wish I hadn't torn my old red harness. It was as good as new until I got tangled up in the barbed wire

fence and pulled the harness into three pieces."

"Perhaps Susan will mend it for you," said Mike. At that, both dogs looked up at you, but you went on reading just as if you hadn't heard a word of dog talk. I tiptoed softly out of the library and beckoned to you from the hall. You waited a minute, then tiptoed softly after me. We went into the little sitting-room and shut the door quietly.

"See here, Susan," said I. "This is the chance of our lives to go to the party to be given by the King of the dogs.

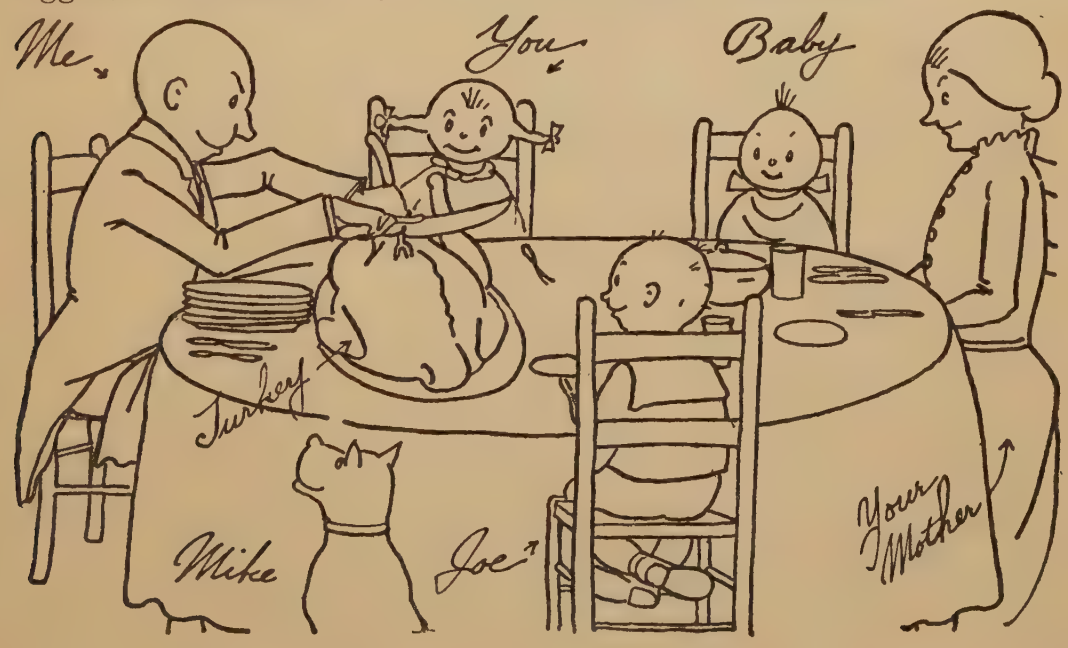


We must show Mike and Sandy that we know dog talk, and we must make them take us to the party." You were delighted, but you said, "How can we break it to Mike and Sandy? They are nervous creatures, and I am afraid it will upset them if we do it too suddenly." "Oh," I replied, "break it to them with a couple of slices of turkey."

We had a fourteen-pound turkey at dinner the day before,

and there was considerable cold turkey left, although everybody at dinner had had one help, and I had taken two helps of it, and you had taken three. If the turkey had weighed only ten pounds there wouldn't have been any left. We asked the cook for some of the turkey. The cook said, "Don't tell me that you want to give turkey to those dogs!" So we didn't tell her.

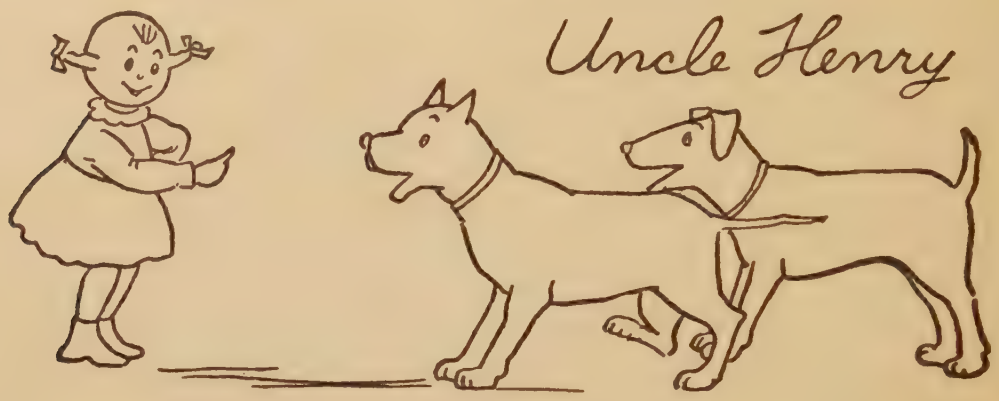
The cook gave us two slices. We put the slices on a white china plate with a blue border and took it into the library to Mike and Sandy. We didn't tell them right away that we knew dog talk, because that might have taken away their appetites. As it was, they finished their turkey in two gulps and looked up for more, greedy dogs. Then you squeaked at them in their own language, "See here, Mike and Sandy, Uncle Henry and I have learned dog talk." Mike and Sandy jumped up in tremendous excitement. But I said in a soothing tone, "Never mind, doggies, we won't tell; only, you'll have to take us to the party."

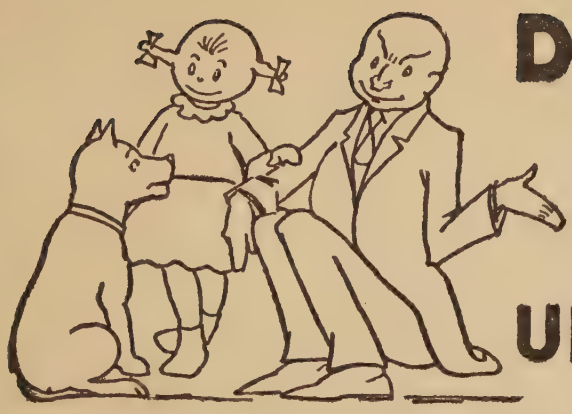


This letter is getting too long and I will tell you next time what the dogs said and how we really went to the party.

Your affectionate

Uncle Henry





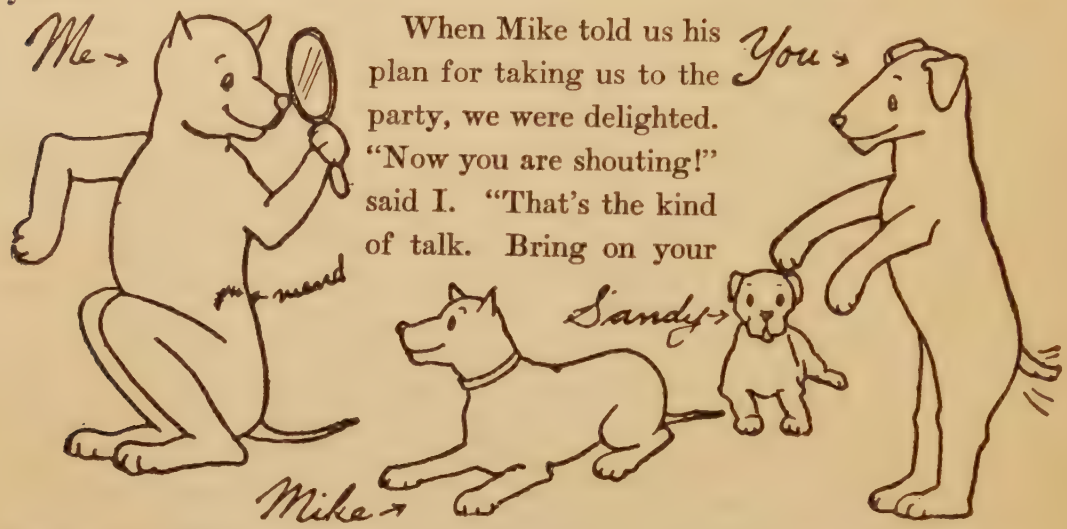
DOG TALK
PART TWO
A LETTER from UNCLE HENRY

Dear Susan:

After Mike and Sandy had recovered from their astonishment that we knew dog talk, we had a long conversation with them. They thought at first that they couldn't manage to take us to the party. We were kind but firm with them and told them that they must manage it. Finally Mike said that his aunt, Chippy Spots, who was born in England but had lived most of her life in this country, was mistress of the King's wardrobe and might perhaps lend him a couple of dog skins that we might slip on and be taken for dogs.

Dog Land is a far-away country. Dogs go there for a vacation sometimes. After a while they come back to their masters. Many puppies that you fear may be drowned, go to Dog Land and live there happily. Grown dogs visit Dog Land once in a while to get themselves a new suit of clothes. I don't mean that they buy clothes at a store, as people do. No. But, if a dog's skin is scarred by fighting or if the hair is worn off in spots, the dog eats a peculiar grass in Dog Land which makes a new skin grow under his old skin. Then the dog shuffles off his old skin. He does not throw away the old skin but saves it for his second best, to wear in wet and muddy weather. In very cold weather the dog wears the old skin for an overcoat. It is

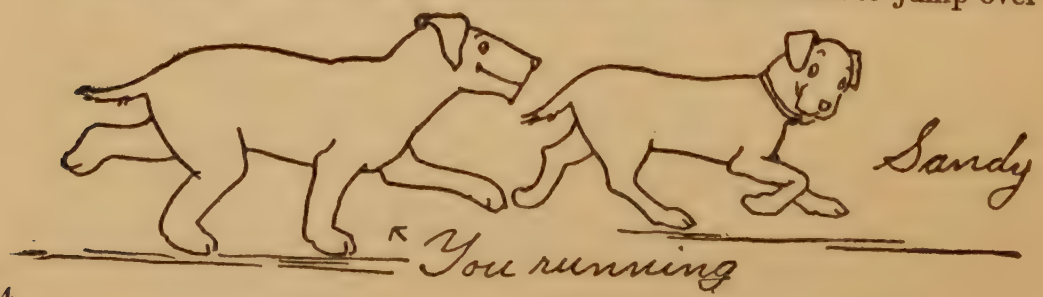
rather a tight fit, but that is fashionable. Stylish people don't wear baggy clothes. The mistress of the King's wardrobe has charge of all the old skins when they are not being used. That is how Mike could get the skins for you and me.



When Mike told us his plan for taking us to the party, we were delighted. "Now you are shouting!" said I. "That's the kind of talk. Bring on your dog skins." You didn't say anything then, but you clapped your hands.

That afternoon Mike brought us four dog skins to try on. These skins were almost as good as new. Mike's aunt had mended a few worn spots and washed the skins in ivory soap and water to make them glossy. You slipped on an Airedale skin. It was just your size. You looked exactly like Sandy's older sister. There was a spring in the tail so that you could wag the tail. When you put the skin on, you found that you could run around on all fours just like a dog. I tried on a bulldog skin, but it was rather loose about the neck and shoulders. Then I tried on a bull-terrier skin; lo and behold, it fitted me without a wrinkle. I looked exactly like Mike's older brother. This skin had a spring in the tail, too, and I could wag the tail.

I wasn't quite as spry as you were at first. When I tried to jump over



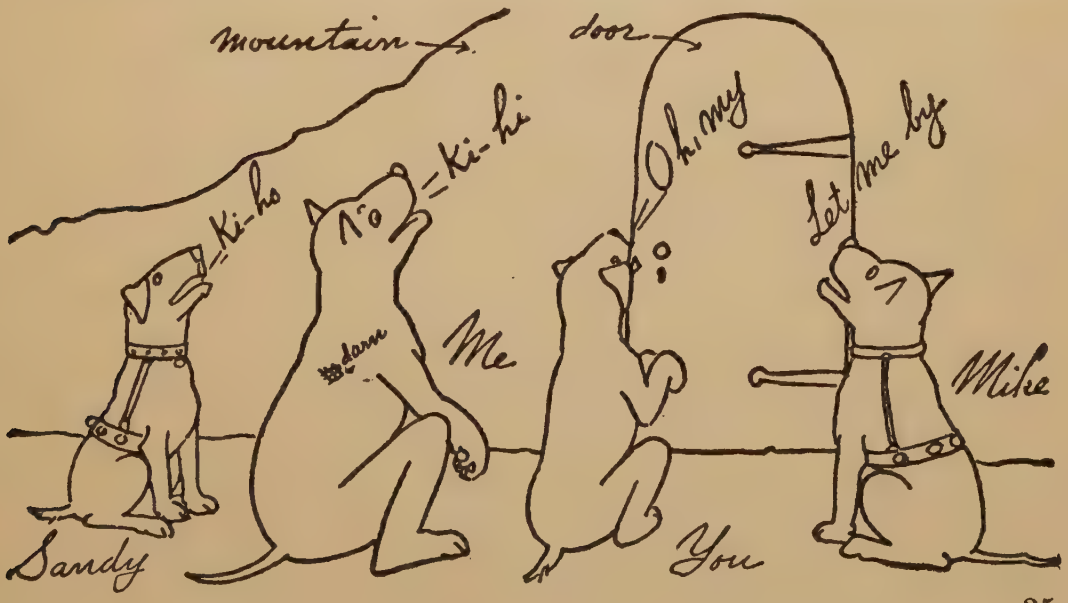
Mike, I fell down. Mike and Sandy laughed at me good naturedly, but they soon taught me to run around like them, although I was a little stiff in the front paw, but not so bad that you could notice it.

You, Mike, Sandy, and I didn't eat supper at home, except a few cornflakes to stay our stomachs, because Mike said there would be good eating at the party. Oh, I forgot to say that you mended Sandy's red harness for him and sewed on a rosette of red ribbon. Sandy strutted about in it like a young dandy.

The party was in a cave at Thunder Mountain. The signal for admission was to poke your nose in the air and howl out:

Ki-ho, ki-hi,
Oh, my, let me by.

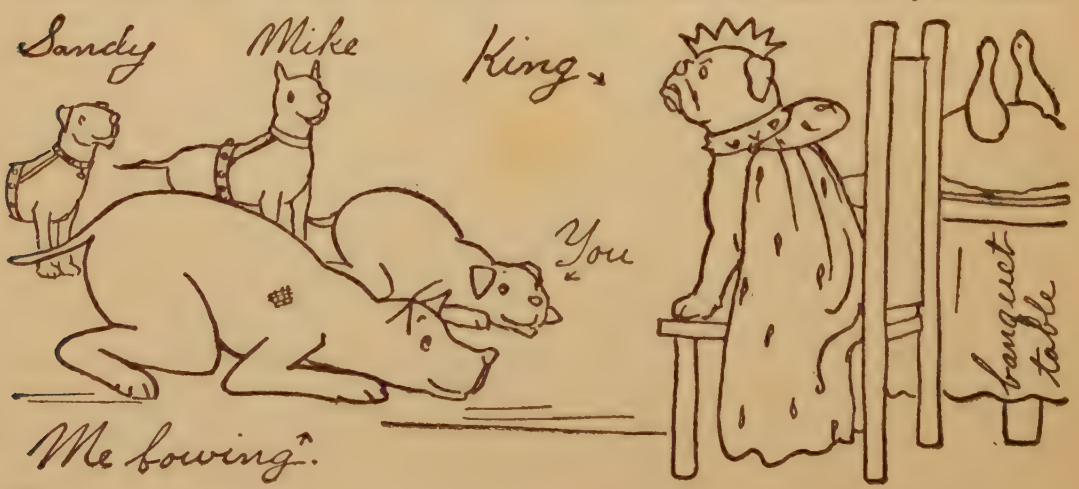
We all did this and a door opened in the mountain. A Russian wolfhound



stood inside the door and looked rather sharply at us. We all wagged tails at him, and Mike said, "It is a fine winter evening with perhaps a little feeling of snow in the air." I started to say something too, but turned it into a cough for fear my voice wouldn't sound quite natural. It was better not to take any risk.

The King of the dogs sat at the head of a big banquet table. He wore a gold collar and a gold crown on his head. From his shoulders fell an ermine cape. We bowed before the King as Mike and Sandy had told us to do. The King raised us up and shook paws with us very cordially. He pointed to four chairs, and we sat down in the chairs on our hind legs.

The waiters were white poodles. They came running up with food. You and I didn't care so much for th dog-biscuit, but the fried chicken was delicious, also the plum pudding. After dinner a large Newfoundland took out his violin and began playing. A little Pekingese played second fiddle. A medium sized collie beat the drum. A Boston Bull clashed the cymbals. We all fell to dancing. Mike and Sandy danced with you first. Then Mike introduced half a dozen young dogs to you, and you danced with all of them. One of these was Bludgeon, the police dog who lives across the street from your house, but he didn't know that he had met you before.



You had to laugh. I couldn't dance so well as you could, but I did waltz with three older dogs and afterwards I had one square dance with Mike's aunt, Chippy Spots.

You and I hated to go, but as we were afraid that your mother and father would feel anxious if we stayed out too late, you and I went away. Mike and Sandy said that they had had enough fun and would go home with us. Mike said just to wait a minute till he picked a last chicken bone. Sandy allowed that he could pick a chicken bone, himself. You and I slipped out of our dog skins, and Mike carried them back to his aunt, Chippy Spots, who was mistress of the King's wardrobe. Mike thanked her very much for the use of the skins. Chippy Spots said we were very welcome.

Your father and mother were fast asleep when we came home. We were thoughtful and did not disturb them. You slipped into your room and I into mine. Mike and Sandy bunked together on their Turkish rug.

Your affectionate

Uncle Henry

THE CHANGELINGS

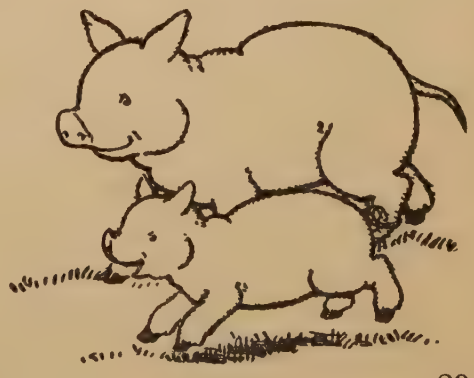
A Letter from Uncle Henry

MY dear Joe:

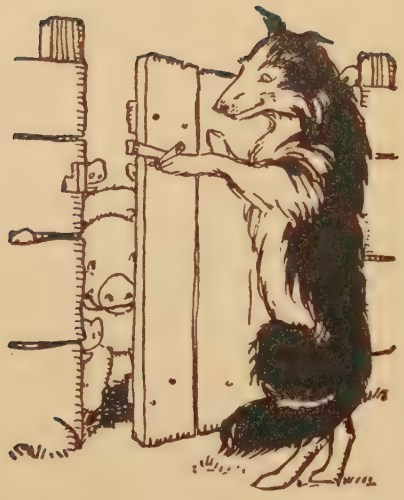
Hodge *was* a hog and Runt *was* a little pig. Hodge is Runt's uncle. Hodge wanted to be changed into a dog, and so did Runt, because they were very fond of a real dog, named Bush Shepard, and were anxious to become just like Bush. All three of them, Bush, Hodge and Runt, live on a farm at the edge of the big woods.

Bush was the only dog on the farm, or within fifty miles of the farm I think, because all the surrounding country is a wilderness. Bush had been brought to the farm when he was a puppy only six weeks old. The farmer and his wife and his man Jake were always kind to Bush. But Bush felt lonesome at first, because there were no dogs to play with him.

So Bush made friends with Hodge and Runt. Hodge and Runt were the cleanest pigs of the whole drove on the farm, forty-two in all, little pigs and big pigs. Hodge had begun to grow fatter than he wanted to be; but he kept his weight down by long walks. Runt was a slim pigling, with beady black eyes and a tail that curled up—what is called a ring-tail.



All the pigs on the farm were white, except when they wallowed in



the mud. The dirt would wash off, of course, but many of the pigs never thought of taking a bath. Hodge and Runt bathed regularly. I'll tell you how, in a minute.

Hodge and Runt were proud and happy to have Bush make friends with them; but they were not stuck up about it. No, Hodge and Runt were just as pleasant, to their pig relations, as though Bush had never noticed them at all.

Bush would saunter down to the pig-pen, stand on his hind legs, push the latch up with his front paw, swing the gate open and let Hodge and Runt out. Bush was always careful to shut and latch the gate again, so that the other pigs couldn't escape. The other pigs might have rooted up the garden or made hogs of themselves in the melon patch, because they didn't know any better. Hodge and Runt hardly ever got into mischief —at least not very often—not any more than children do.

The first thing that Bush and his two friends did of a morning was to swim in the brook. They kept a cake of castile soap under a flat stone at the edge of the water, to scrub themselves with, if necessary; but usually, cold water and *plenty* of it kept them perfectly clean.

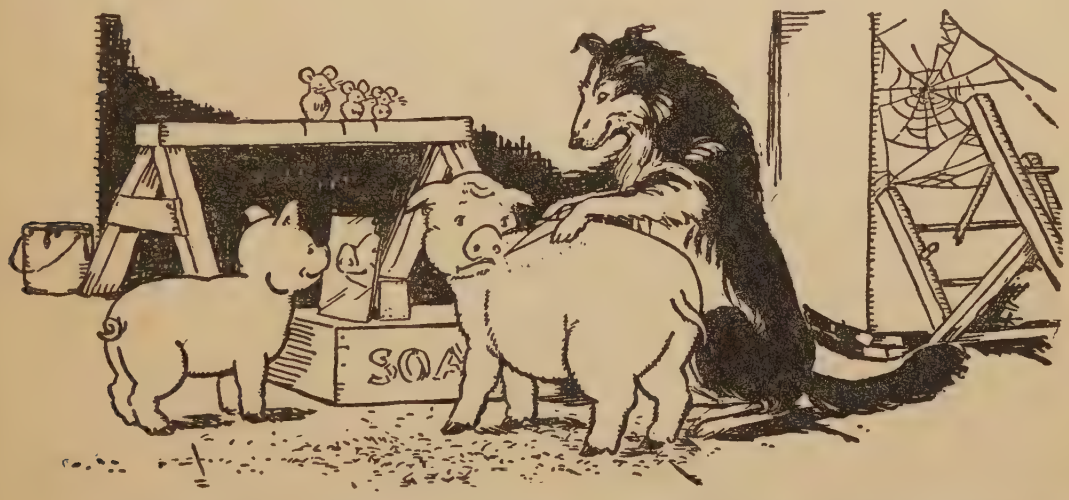
Hodge and Runt had twice as much fun after they began to go with Bush, just as if they were dogs too. Pigs are usually kept in a pen and fed on swill. Dogs run around and find good things to eat.

Hodge and Runt would help Bush drive the cows to pasture in the morning and back to the barnyard at night. They would also scare the crows out of the cornfield. Once a week, they went to the railroad station with Bush to bring home the newspaper which came for the farmer. It is the paper called *Farmers' Weekly Gazette and Home Companion.*

Hodge and Runt would hunt for eggs every day and carry the eggs to the kitchen, one by one in their mouths without breaking the shell. The farmer's wife would thank Hodge and Runt and rinse the eggs off in warm water.

When Hodge and Runt began wishing to be real dogs, the first thing that occurred to them was to try to grow hair like the hair which Bush has. Bush is a collie with long brown silky hair. Hodge and Runt felt badly to think that their own hair was short and white.

Animals have a way of talking to each other; and Hodge and Runt told Bush their troubles about hair. Bush had seen the farmer shearing sheep and had noticed that the wool grew on again longer and thicker than before. Bush thought that, maybe, it would work the same way with pigs.



So, Bush took Hodge and Runt to the shed, where the clippers are kept, and he went over Hodge and Runt with the clippers. It hurt some, but Hodge and Runt never squealed; they were so anxious to grow collie hair.

Their hair did grow in a little thicker and longer than before, but it didn't look anything like Bush's silky coat. Bush was very sorry, but he had to explain to those anxious pigs that it seemed hopeless for them to try to become collies. Hodge and Runt asked Bush what kind of dog they could be.

Bush thought the thing over carefully and allowed that perhaps they might become bull terriers, because most bull terriers have white hair,

a little like a fine pig's hair. All right; they said that they preferred to be collies, because Bush was a collie, yet bull terriers would be the next best thing.

Bush, Hodge and Runt knew my bull terrier, Mike Mason, and liked him very much. They had become acquainted with Mike the time I took Mike and a whole pack of dogs on a summer vacation, in the woods beyond the farm.

I think it was the right thing in Hodge and Runt not to feel discouraged about becoming real dogs. Some pigs, after trying a little while, would have given it up and gone back to the stye and wallowed in the mire. Not so, brave Hodge and Runt. They felt that they were getting along nicely, when their hair became like a bull terrier's.

The next thing was to attend to Hodge's and Runt's tails. Runt's tail, when stretched out, was slim and tapering to a point, a good deal like a bull terrier's tail. The trouble was that when you let go, it curled up again into a ring.

Runt's tail was attended to, first. Bush went seriously to work on that tail and Hodge helped. Between them, they softened Runt's tail in hot water, stretched it out and strapped it to a board. It took a week to get the curl out of the tail, and during that time the board bothered Runt considerably, banging against his back every time he walked or ran. But Runt never uttered a grunt or growl of complaint.

There was an anxious moment when the board was unstrapped, for fear that Runt's tail would spring back into a ring again; but it didn't; it stayed long, straight and tapering.

Hodge's tail was long and tapering to the point, like a bull terrier's; but it was rather flabby. That defect was corrected, however. Pigs don't wag their tails, but when Hodge became a dog, he naturally began to wag his tail. The exercise made the tail grow springy, exactly like a bull terrier's.

Then came lessons in wagging tails. Bush wagged his. Hodge and

Runt imitated the movement. It was surprising and pleasing to see how soon they learned. Hodge's tail vibrated like the wings of a humming bird. Runt's long tail waved like a banner in the breeze.

When Hodge and Runt were nothing but pigs, they belonged to the Berkshire breed, which has small ears pricked up something like a bull terrier's ears. So it wasn't necessary to make any changes in Hodge's and Runt's ears when they became bull terriers.

Hodge and Runt now wished to study barking in earnest, also how to walk, run and jump like a dog. Here, Bush's good sense made him feel that it would be wiser for Hodge and Runt to learn these things from a real bull terrier. True, all dogs bark and move somewhat alike, but there is a difference between the various breeds. If Hodge and Runt looked like bull terriers, yet barked and acted like collies, people might think that they were mongrels. Inasmuch as Hodge and Runt were going to be bull terriers, they wanted to be full-blooded ones.

Really, my bull terrier Mike ought to have been there, to teach Hodge and Runt. The question was how to get Mike. When Mike and I were in that region two seasons before with a pack of dogs, taking our summer vacation in the woods, I had given the farmer a photograph of Mike. The farmer had hung the photograph on his parlor wall.

Bush stood under the photograph barking until the farmer caught the idea. He perceived that Bush wanted Mike to visit the farm. Mike had already been invited to come and stay as long as he pleased; but now, the farmer wrote a special invitation for Mike to start at once.

Mike will never leave me long—we are too fond of each other for that; but he was willing to go for a short visit. I bought him his ticket and bundled him into the baggage car. He made friends with the baggage man at once. The baggage man sat in a wooden chair and Mike on a three-legged stool. They kept the side-door of the car open so as

to enjoy the air and the view. The express train doesn't usually stop at the little railroad station near the farm but this time it slowed up, to let Mike off. Bush, Hodge and Runt were there to welcome Mike. There was a joyful meeting of the four friends.

Mike could stay only ten days, because he had an engagement to go to the Chicago Dog Show the first of the month. But he did a great deal for Hodge and Runt in those ten days.

First thing, Mike began to teach barking, walking, running and jumping. Mike would do the thing first and Hodge and Runt would follow. Hodge and Runt were in earnest and they gave almost every waking moment to studying under Mike. Mike taught day-school and night-school, keeping Hodge and Runt at it evenings until little Runt's head began to nod. Then all hands went to bed, but woke up early the next morning for a fresh start.

Mike was a most kind and competent teacher. He would bark over and over again, until Hodge and Runt caught the exact sound and repeated it correctly. Mike even taught whining. He didn't believe much in whining; but still, there are times when a dog may feel obliged to whine and Mike wished Hodge and Runt to be able to whine correctly. Mike also instructed them in the higher branches, yelping and howling. He never scolded, but he would make them yelp twenty times in succession, until they did it right.

Mike was firm but kind about their howling. Any howl, either too low or not piercing enough, had to be done over again, more than once. The farmer's wife was nervous and howling made her hold her ears. But she was good-natured and didn't complain when Hodge and Runt let out their wildest howls.

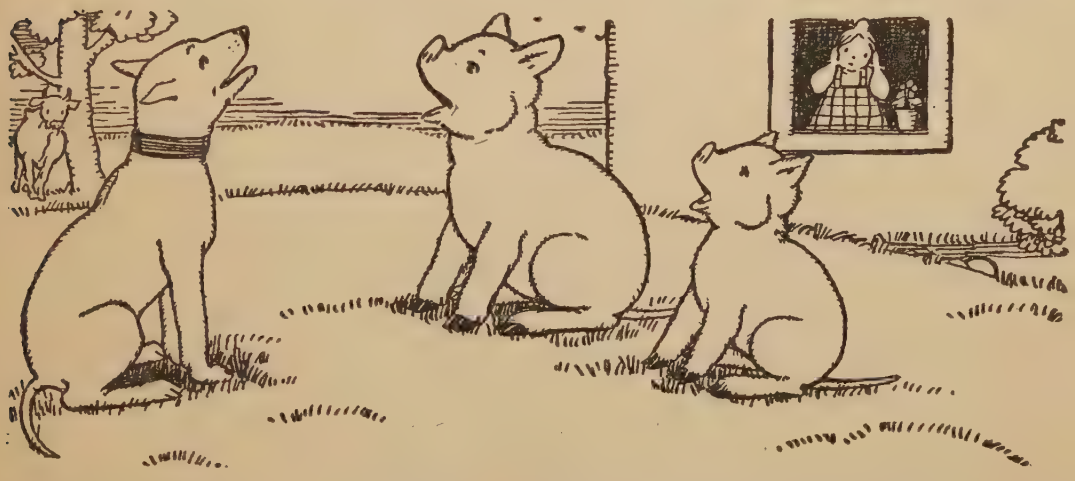
One little thing will show how well Mike succeeded with Hodge and Runt in every branch of dog learning. One night the farmer had gone to bed but heard such savage growling outside that he thought Bush and Mike must have treed a wildcat; but, upon dressing himself and going into the yard, he found that it was Hodge and Runt practising, in the moonlight, at a squirrel up a fence-post. Mike was really proud to hear his pupils growl so naturally. The squirrel scolded back at them. The squirrel had no idea that they had ever been pigs.

When Mike began with Hodge and Runt, every other sound with

them was a grunt. When he finished with his scholars, they *couldn't* grunt. Mike had entirely e-lim-i-nated grunting from their systems. If ever the King of the dogs has a college in Dogland, Mike ought to be president of that college, or at least professor of modern languages.

You would have thought that you were in a gymnasium, to see Mike teaching Hodge and Runt to move exactly the way he did. Mike would walk, run, jump, roll over, lie on his stomach, back and side, ears up, ears down, mouth open, mouth shut, tail wagging, tail tucked between his legs. Everything that Mike did, Hodge and Runt would do after him.

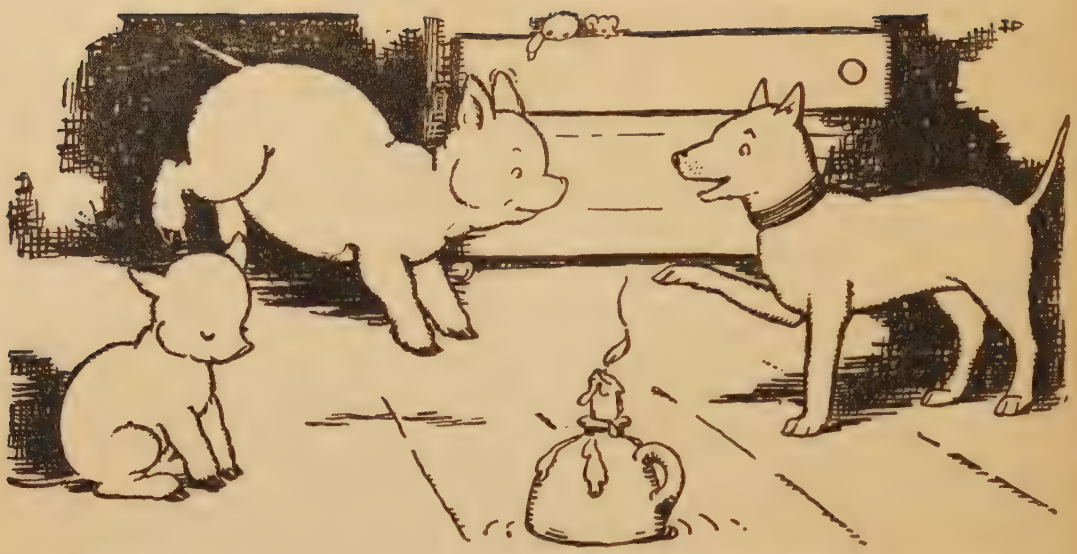
If they were a little awkward at first, they would have to repeat



until they could do it gracefully. Mike kept at Hodge and Runt every minute of their studies; but never a word of scolding. It was hard work for Mr. Hodge and Master Runt, but it was good fun, too.

It is surprising and pleasing how completely Hodge and Runt became bull terriers in ten days. Twice, during that time, Hodge and Runt chased away a wolf, who came sneaking through the tall grass toward the chicken coop. Pigs wouldn't have dared to attack a wolf. It was the same wolf both times, a big grey timber wolf, with an old scar across his face, where somebody may have slashed him with an axe years ago. The second time the wolf appeared, the farmer ran out with a gun but the gun missed fire. The wolf escaped into the woods both times but he didn't get any chickens either time.

Mike invited Bush, Hodge and Runt to go to Chicago with him.



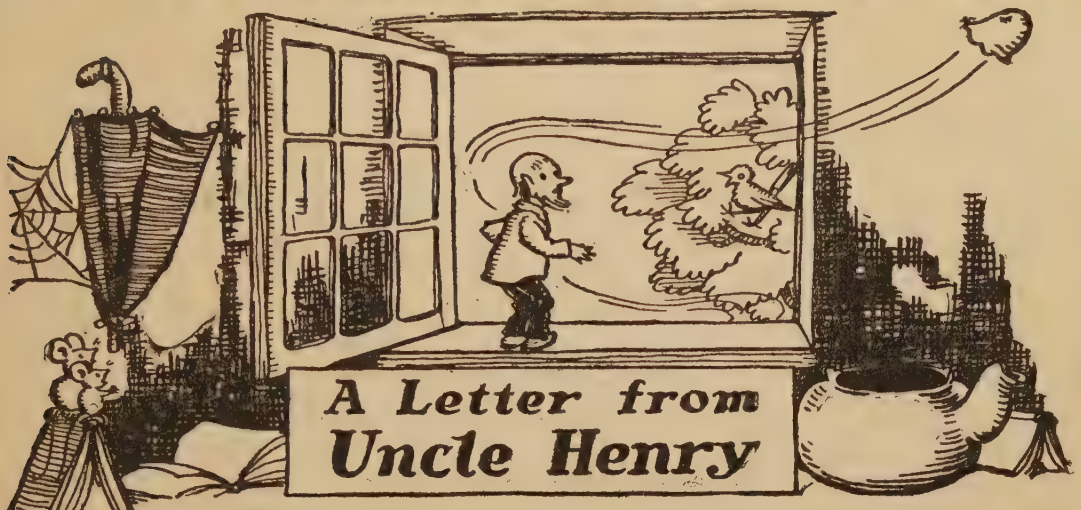
The farmer told them that they might go and they did. Mike had intended to try for a prize at the dog show, but he had already taken a prize the year before; so this time he decided not to compete for fear of spoiling the chances of his friends, Bush, Hodge and Runt.

Before they entered the show, Mike gave them many patient and very careful lessons in manners, proper standing and respect for the judges. He told them to be dignified but not too uppish, and above all things to preserve the reputation of high-bred bull terriers. Hodge and Runt said they would carefully follow Mike's advice. And they did.

Bush took first prize in the collie class; Hodge received second prize as a bull terrier. Runt was given honorable mention as a bull terrier puppy. The judges said that Runt was rather thin for show purposes but would become a prize dog, when he filled out and grew a little heavier. I do think that Hodge and Runt did very well indeed at that dog show, considering that it was their first appearance at any show and that they had been dogs only a short time.

Affectionately yours,

The INVISIBLE CAP



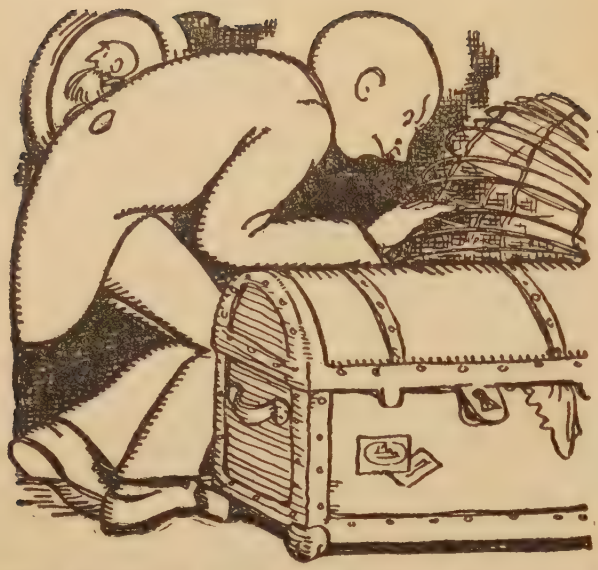
A Letter from Uncle Henry

MY dear Joe:

The little old fairy stood by the garret window, watching a robin hopping about in an apple tree. The fairy could see the robin but the robin couldn't see the fairy because the fairy wore an invisible cap. When a fairy has his cap on, you can't see the fairy or the cap either. With his cap off, you can see the fairy and his cap, too.

There was a north wind blowing through the trees. It blew into the window and blew off the little old fairy's cap. The little old fairy didn't care much at first because he thought that he could find his cap easily. But he hunted for it in vain.

You and Susan and I had become acquainted with the little old fairy some time after he lost his cap and we had grown very friendly with him. One Saturday, when you and Susan were out of school and I had come home from my office, I said to you children, "I



think we ought to help the little old fairy find his cap."

Susan said, "Well, we ought to hunt for the cap but not give it back right away."

I said, "Why not? That little old fairy wants his cap very much."

"Oh," said Susan, "we will give it back to him after a while. But, you know, if anybody finds a fairy's cap, the fairy has to mind that person and do some great good thing for that person before the fairy can get his cap back. That's the rule. All the fairy stories say so."

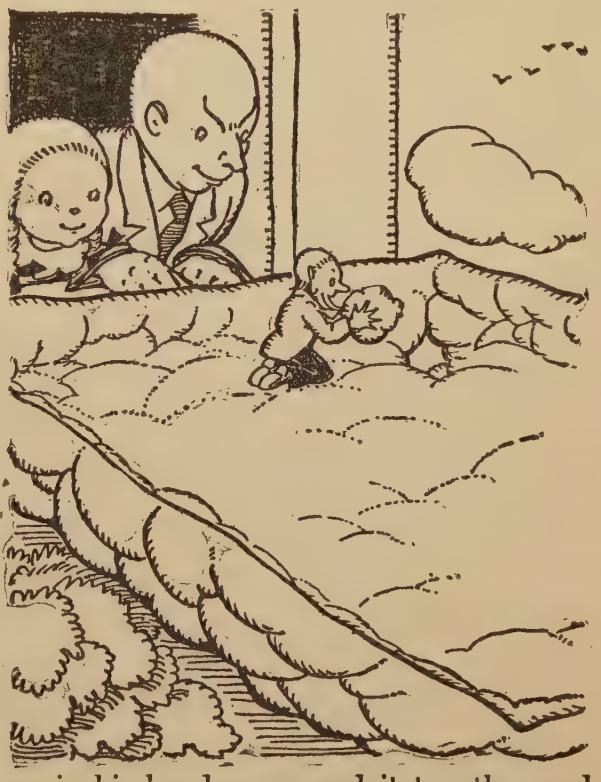
Susan's talk sounded pretty sensible to you and me. So we began to rummage through the garret after the cap. The little old fairy ran along at our heels, ready to pounce on the cap, if he could. But you and Susan and I were all ready to grab it, if we found it first.

In five minutes I thought I had found the cap. But it turned out to be the leather cover for the top of a bottle of perfume. I don't know how the leather cover got up in the garret. Probably the perfume was used and the bottle accidentally broken and the leather cover carried up in the garret in a pile of rubbish. The leather cover did make a nice cap for the little old fairy but it didn't make him invisible. He thought at first that it might. He put it on his head and asked, "Can you see me?" We replied, "Perfectly well." The little old fairy was disappointed, but he and the rest of us had to laugh.

Joe, you were the one who found the real cap. I wish my eyes were as good as yours. You spied the cap high up on a nail. The wind must have whirled it there. The cap was richly colored in green and red. When you saw the real cap, you called out in your excitement, "There it is!" and you pointed to it. The little old fairy made a jump for it. But he couldn't jump so high. The nail was on the wall, more than six feet above the floor. I had to stand on tip-toe to take the cap off the nail. The little old fairy begged

for it, but we said, "Not yet, little old fairy. People don't give invisible caps back again right off; but you shall have it after a while."

We told the little old fairy that he must first do some great good thing for us. The little old fairy said that he would give the children and me two weeks' vacation in the Rocky Mountains, and our dogs could come along, too. That sounded pretty good to us. Some people would have asked for a greater boon but it might have strained the little old fairy. We didn't wish to be too hard with him. So we said all right.



Instantly the sky filled with light, fleecy clouds. The clouds came together and began weaving into each other until they became a blanket twelve feet long and six feet wide—or rather a bag of about that size, because the blanket turned up at the edges. The edges became stiff. The rest of the bag stayed soft, but was thick and tough.

At first, there happened to be a hole in one corner of the bag, where the clouds hadn't matted together. But the little old fairy picked a small stray cloud out of the sky, rolled it up in his hands, squeezed it together and stuffed it into the hole. It plugged up the hole completely, so that you couldn't see where the place was.

Then the little old fairy packed the bottom of the bag with eatables from Fairyland. The goods came flying through the air and settled down in the bag. There were fresh bread, butter hardened as if it had been frozen, cheese in round balls, a thick rind on the outside of each cheese, roast beef glacé—that is, with something like ice around it—fried chicken glacé, potatoes—some baked and some fried—ice cream, hard as a rock, mixed candies—(perhaps more peppermints and caramels than any other

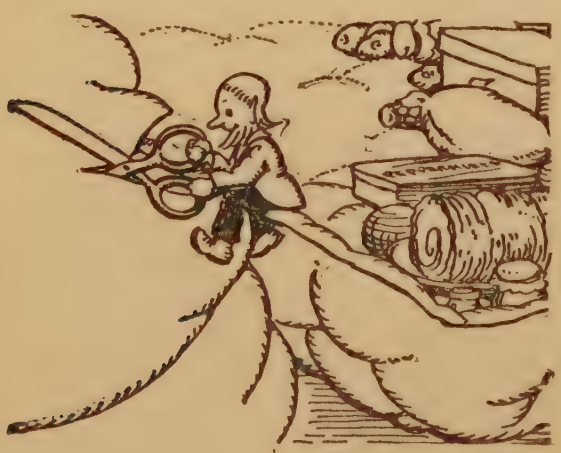
kind; I should think twenty pounds of candy altogether)—thermos bottles full of coffee, bottles of milk and cream, several boxes of lump sugar, some sacks of granulated sugar.

All these goods were warranted to keep fresh for three weeks. Of course, our vacation in the Rocky Mountains was to be only two weeks long, but the little old fairy allowed for several days going and coming.

Oh yes, and besides those things, there was any amount of little odds and ends, such as pepper and salt, sweet pickles, sour pickles, preserved ginger, green olives, ripe olives; I won't spin out the list of odds and ends.

I musn't forget, though, about the fairy thermometer. There was a screw on the side of the thermometer. Turn the screw up and the weather grew warmer; turn the screw down and the weather grew colder. That contrivance was warranted to work for three weeks. Of course, the thermometer itself lasted longer than that. We've got it now. But the magical part was good for only three weeks. The good of it was that we didn't have to carry any bedding or change of clothing.

When the provisions were stored in the cloud-bag, they made a sort of flat floor. Over this floor the little old fairy spread a piece of cloud for a carpet. He cut the cloud to the right size with a pair of shears. When we wanted some article of food—fried chicken for instance—we had to roll back the cloud-carpet until we found the special food we wanted at the time; but that wasn't much bother.



The little old fairy—his name is Ivan; he is a Russian fairy, came to this country about a year

ago because times were hard in Russia—Ivan asked us if we were ready and we said we were, all except calling the dogs. We made a mistake in saying that. It might have been a bad mistake, but Susan remembered in time. She reminded me that the children had forgotten to ask their parents' permission to go to the Rocky Mountains. My gracious, that would have been a bad mistake. Fathers and mothers might have worried after a day or two, if children disappeared for two or three weeks without leaving any word. Wouldn't your mother worry?

So we dashed into the house and told Mrs. Miller about our plans. She telephoned to Mr. Miller at his office. The first word he said was, "WHA—A—A—AT?" so loud and long that we all heard it as we clustered around the house telephone. He rushed home in an automobile. At first he didn't know whether the children had better go, at least the younger ones. But he tried the cloud-bag, climbed into it himself and found it to be perfectly safe. Then he stepped out and said for Susan and Joe to go, if they would be careful. They said they would.

The parents of the other children allowed them to go because the Miller children went.

By this time the dogs were thick around the bag and crazy to jump in. Bull terrier Mike piled in first, Airedale Billy Whiskers on top of him; but they didn't quarrel. The other dogs trooped after them. Joe Miller was the first child to land in the bag. He did it with a run and a jump. All the other children followed and I, too.

Away flew the bag, dogs barking, children shouting, thermometer screwed up to sunny weather, Joe waving a chicken leg between his bites at the leg, Mike looking anxious as the leg grew smaller.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller waved their handkerchiefs as long as we could see them. Once it looked as if Mrs. Miller put her handkerchief to her eyes to cry a little; but after that she smiled and waved again. We flew so high that pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. Miller looked like flies and finally like nothing.

We had a delightful vacation in a wild and beautiful valley of the Rocky Mountains, with a brook running through it. The eatables which we brought with us lasted all right. Besides, we caught trout in the brook, picked strawberries among the grass and gathered partridge eggs in the woods. A partridge egg omelet, when Susan makes it, is perfectly delicious. She scrambles the eggs with plenty of butter, adds a little cream, seasons with salt and a dash of red pepper, simmers over a slow fire and serves hot. Yum-yum, I must stop talking about partridge-egg omelets; it makes me too hungry.

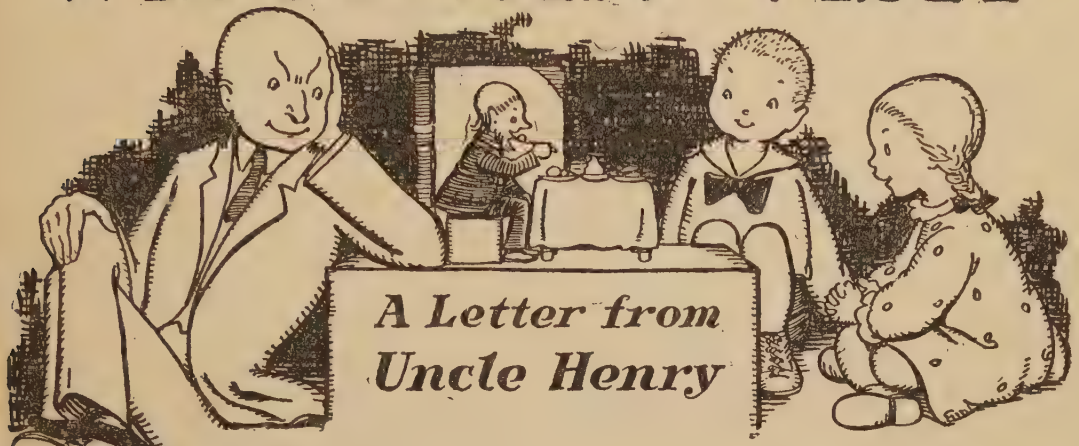
We had no accidents of any account on our vacation. To be sure, a craw-fish nipped Mike's tail one day and Susan tore her dress just before we left; but that didn't matter much. Mike let out a screech when he felt the nip. That was because he didn't know what was biting him. He shook the craw-fish back into the brook. Susan's dress was her old blue gown; it had been torn and mended once before. When she came home this time, her mother mended it again. It's a good dress now for playing in the sand or running through the woods at Winnetka.

When vacation was over, our cloud-bag landed us softly in the Miller yard. Then it dissolved into thin air. Of course, we gave Ivan back his invisible cap. We thanked him, too, for our pleasant vacation. He was glad that we had had a good time. Mike gave Ivan a ride on his back.

The thermometer now stands on the mantlepiece of the Miller parlor. The magical part of the thermometer is out of order. The thermometer doesn't *make* weather any more; just tells what the weather happens to be. It is useful for that purpose. It is also a handsome parlor ornament—crystal tube, silver frame, base of ebony with silver inlay work.

Your affectionate,

IVAN'S WISCONSIN VISIT

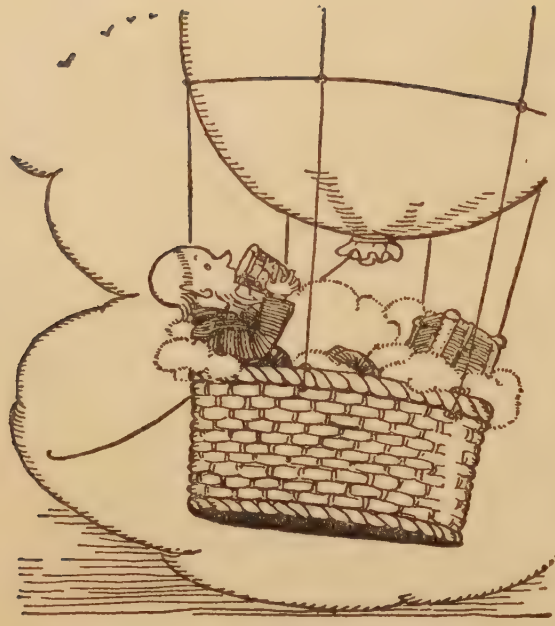


A Letter from Uncle Henry

DEAR Children:

Ivan had a delightful visit in Wisconsin. Ivan is the name of the little old fairy. His full name was Ivanowski. He was named that in Russia, where he was born. He dropped the last two syllables, when he came over to this country. So we call him Ivan for short and he *is* short, about as long as a teaspoon. He is slim except around the waist. He used to be slim there but he has grown somewhat stout, since he settled in the United States. You see, he had hard times in Russia and very little to eat during his voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. When he was hiding in my garret, he lived entirely on birdseed, left there in a package. Birdseed kept Ivan alive but he grew sick and tired of birdseed for a regular diet.

Of course, after Ivan became acquainted with me and I introduced him to Susan and Joe and their Airedale Sandy, we gave that little old fairy as much as he could eat, good things too, roast beef, browned potatoes, thick gravy, apple pie, sponge cake and vanilla ice cream. Never mind if they were fattening. Ivan didn't eat very much for a mortal but a good deal for a fairy. Ivan dined from doll dishes, took two or three helpings of everything and seldom left anything on his plate. Ivan is not exactly what you would call fat, but yet, he does have a little round



stomach. Susan told Ivan one day that he had no waist line at all; but that was teasing. Ivan reminded Susan that her mother stopped her at her fifth pancake. Susan and Ivan were just joking with each other.

But I started to tell about Ivan's Wisconsin visit. Well, about as soon as Ivan started off in his toy balloon for Wisconsin, he took a look at his luncheon. It looked good. So he drank half of his thimbleful of milk and corked up the rest of it for next time. He ate most of his dab of bread and butter and all his crumb of cake. After this hearty meal he felt cheerful but drowsy. So he snugged down into the cotton batting, which we had tucked around him and his trunk, and fell asleep.

That was all right while the wind held good. The trouble was, the wind changed during Ivan's nap. When he woke up, he wasn't in Wisconsin but was gliding above Lake Michigan. However, fairies and birds are friendly and help each other out of scrapes sometimes. Ivan waved to a gull, flapping just above the waves. The gull flew up and perched on the edge of the basket. The basket tipped but didn't spill Ivan out. Then that good-natured gull let himself be tied by his tail to the basket. He spread his wings and soon steered the balloon back to dry land. Ivan unharnessed the gull and patted him on his back for his kindness. Before the gull flew away Ivan gave him the last of the milk. The gull was pleased to be served milk from a silver

thimble. Ivan also gave the gull what was left of the bread and butter. The gull smacked his bill over the delicious food and drink. He did wish there was more of it, but he saw that Ivan had given him all there was on hand.

The colony of Russian fairies had settled in the woods near Ephraim, Wisconsin. They had been there nearly a year. They were on the look-out for Ivan and delighted to see him. Ivan let down a thread to the Russian fairies, who pulled the balloon to a bush and tied it there. All the fairies hugged and kissed Ivan.

For houses, the Russian fairies lived in birds' nests. The eggs had hatched and the young birds had flown away with the father and mother birds. The empty birds' nests made good enough houses for the Russian fairies until they could find better quarters. Most of the nests were small but there was an eagle's nest on top of a pine tree. That nest was big enough for all the fairies to meet and talk over old times. They laughed and joked with Ivan most of the night; then Ivan had a few hours' sleep in a swallow's nest.

In the morning each fairy picked a leaf from a beech tree for a boat. They used beech leaves because the natural oil in beech leaves makes them water-proof and because those leaves curl up like the edges of a boat and have ribs like a boat. The fairies used little twigs from a hazel bush for paddles. They boated across Ephraim Bay to Gull Island. Nobody lives on Gull Island except gulls and rabbits. The fairies dragged their leaves ashore and had a dinner and a dance on the beach. The gulls looked on. One of those gulls was the good-natured fellow who had helped Ivan the day before. The fairies made much of that gull. Indeed, they were kind to all the gulls, flinging them lots of scraps to eat.

A wind whirled the leaves into the air and strewed the leaves all over the bay, far from land. The gulls offered to carry the fairies home.

But some of the fairies had never learned gull-back riding and were afraid of falling off. Just then a good-natured Irish terrier, named Patsy, trotted up and invited all the fairies to a free ride across the bay on his back.

Patsy belongs to a young lady in Chicago, named Jeannette Manierre. Curious how Patsy happened to be on Gull Island. This was the way of it: Patsy had grown too fat during the winter from lying under a sofa by the steam radiator of a city flat and eating four meals a day and taking no exercise. So Jeannette brought Patsy to her father's cottage in Ephraim, early in the season. It was thought that rambling in the woods would improve Patsy's figure. It did somewhat but not much. It was not active enough. Patsy thought if he could spend a week on Gull Island, chasing rabbits, it would make him slim again. So Jeannette allowed Patsy a week's vacation. She rowed him to Gull Island in her boat and left him there with a good stock of dog biscuit. Chasing wild rabbits was fun for Patsy and it didn't hurt the rabbits. The rabbits rather enjoyed having a fat dog waddle after them. Patsy never caught a single one of the rabbits. Life on Gull Island did make Patsy slimmer, especially when he ran out of dog biscuit. Then he concluded to go back to Ephraim.

So the fairies accepted Patsy's invitation to give them a free ride across the bay on his back. Patsy swam steadily with his passengers aboard and brought them safely across.

That afternoon the fairies had a feast of wheat bread, spread with maple syrup instead of butter. Patsy was invited. Patsy accepted the invitation. Ivan spilled some maple syrup on his new suit. Ivan wept over this misfortune but cheered up when he remembered that Susan can do almost everything with her hands and would probably clean his suit for him, when he came home. You see that Ivan began to call our house home.

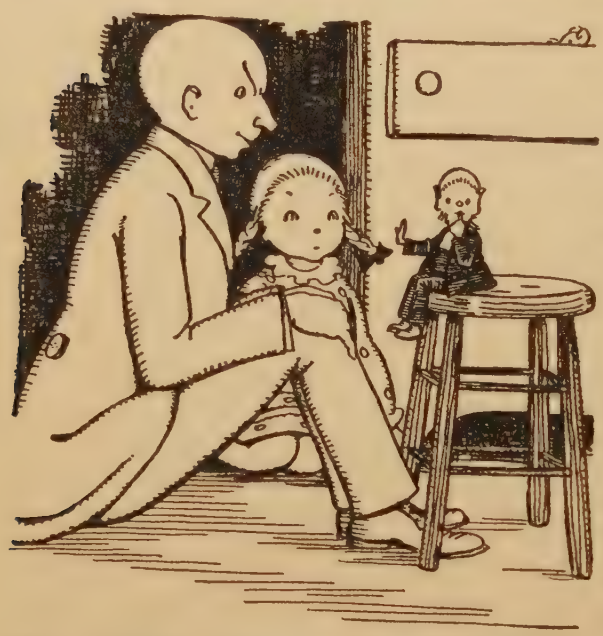
The next day, however, Ivan went to his real home, Fairyland. He came back, though. I do wish that Ivan could tell us about Fairyland but the King of the Fairies forbids. Ivan has let slip a few things about Fairyland, from time to time, before he thought what he was saying. I wrote the things down and read my notes to Susan and Joe. They say that the notes are correct.

Well, in the first place, there are entrances into Fairyland in various parts of the world. Sometimes a door opens in the side of a mountain. All the fairies of that district troop in. They sometimes stay in Fairyland for months at a time. Such a door opens only at night. Once in a great while, a mortal, out late, perhaps searching for a stray lamb or maybe coming home from an evening party, sees that door and the light streaming through and hears faint sounds of music and laughter deep down below. If the mortal tries to enter without an invitation, the door shuts with a bang. Where the door was, there is nothing except grass and trees and bushes. Other entrances to Fairyland are by natural caves, lengthened, however, by magic until they end in Fairyland.

Sometimes there is an entrance into Fairyland through the water.

At first the water is calm. Then it begins to roll in great circles faster and faster until it makes a whirlpool. In the middle of the whirlpool there is an opening. That opening leads to Fairyland.

Once in a great while, a boy or a girl is invited to Fairyland, rarely for more than a night but sometimes for a year. One year, four months and two days is the longest time that any mortal ever stayed in Fairyland for one visit. That was a girl named Eva Somers, of Lowell, Massachusetts. Her father's a doctor. She came home with considerable treasure and had become the best dancer in the world. My, but Eva is light on her feet.



Some powerful enchantment seems to be laid on Eva and any other child who comes back from Fairyland, so that they are unable to give any clear account of the visit. They may begin in the most sprightly manner but when they come to "the door now opened wide and I heard—" then they suddenly become tongue-tied for the time being or else they fall asleep. Anyhow, something happens to stop the story. But those children who have been to Fairyland think over their visit and smile happily to themselves. That shows what delightful times they had in Fairyland; but I wish they would tell us all about it.

The foregoing is about all the information that we can drag from Ivan. He isn't cross or disagreeable but when we request further information Ivan shuts up like a clam. He says that he really must obey the King of the Fairies and please don't ask any more questions. He is timid even about saying the word Fairyland, because several times when he did say it, the lights went out, winds rustled through the trees, dogs bayed the moon and a screech-owl hooted too-whit-too-hoo.

When Ivan came out of Fairyland with the Russian fairies, he

felt a great longing to see Susan and Joe and Sandy and me once more. So he looked for his balloon, which he had left, tied to a bush and tugging at the string. He couldn't find it at first, because all the gas had leaked out and the balloon was lying on the ground under the bush. This was a pretty serious matter. There were no gas pipes in the woods nor, for that matter, in Ephraim or any of the villages of that region. However, one of the fairies found natural gas coming out of a hole in the ground. He told his joyful news to Ivan. Ivan, with other fairies to help him, carried the balloon to the hole and filled the balloon with gas. Ivan and the Russian fairies said good-bye to each other cheerfully, because Ivan was going to visit the Russian fairies again.

The very day that Ivan told us he would be back he came. What a joyful meeting we had. Susan took the spots out of Ivan's new suit with soap and water. She did have to use benzine for one place, but the whole suit came out just like new. You better believe, Ivan was glad. Ivan is fond of that blue serge suit. They are the most stylish clothes he ever had.

Of course, I showed Ivan the letters which the children wrote to me after they read about Ivan crossing the ocean and living at my house. I told Ivan how many letters came. He said he would like to count them himself. No objection to that, but our counts came out exactly the same, two hundred and seventy-eight letters in all.

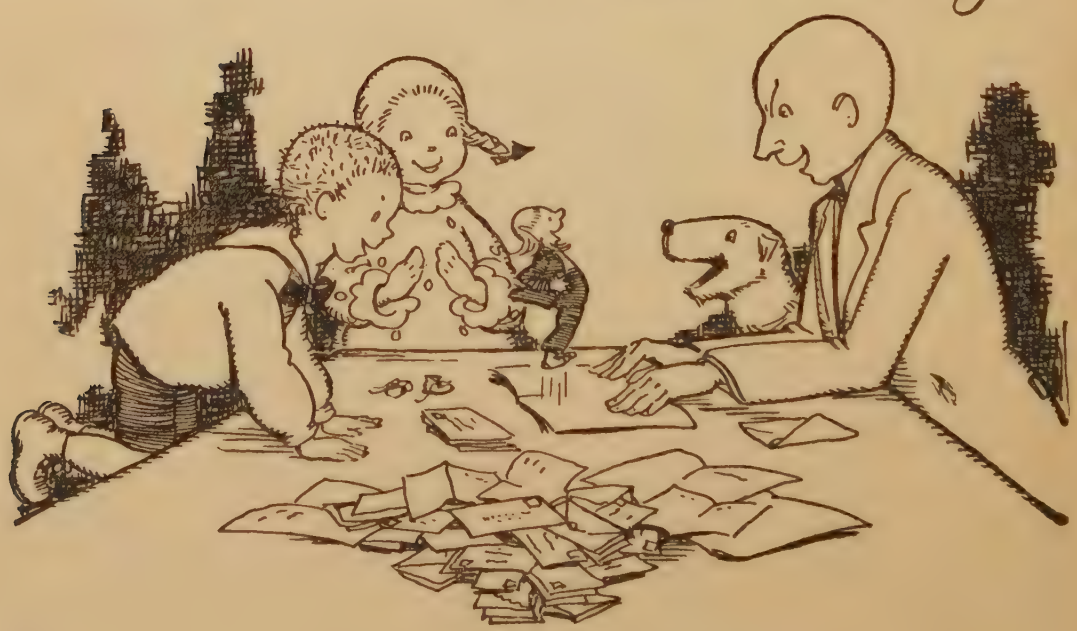
Curious that Ivan can read English, although he has been in this country only a few months. Neither Susan nor Joe nor I taught him. There must be some magic about it. Probably the King of the Fairies gave Ivan the power. The King of the Fairies has powerful magic.

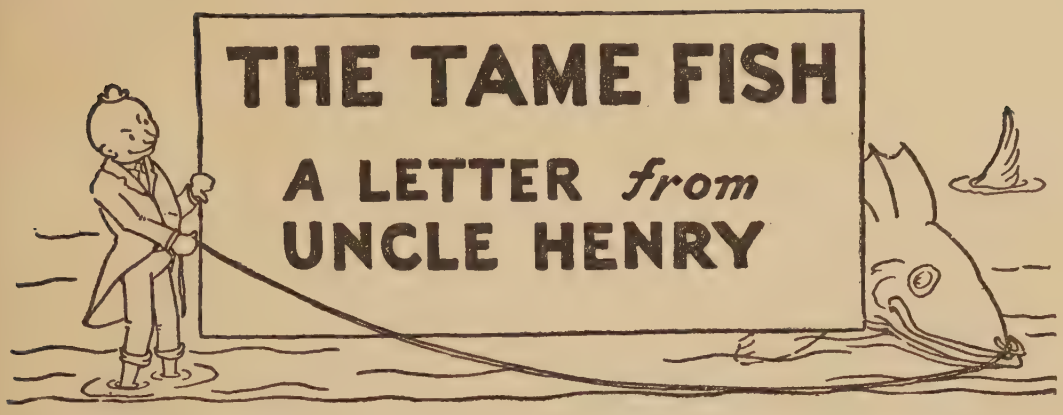
Ivan read every one of the two hundred and seventy-eight letters. Of course, he is too small to hold even the short letters in his hand. So I spread out each letter in turn, on the table. Ivan walked over every letter from beginning to end, reading each line as he went along. He took his shoes off so as not to soil the paper.

Ivan was intensely interested in those letters. The funny parts made his blue eyes twinkle. He chuckled and then he laughed outright. He beat his sides with glee. He shook all over. He called out "Hold me," but before we could, he fell on his back and waved his legs. He struggled to his feet again and leaped into the air. He cracked his heels together three times before he lit. Of course Ivan's laughing and capering that way made Susan and Joe and me laugh too; and Sandy fairly roared. That started Ivan again and we joined. You never heard such shrieks of laughter.

Your affectionate

Uncle Henry



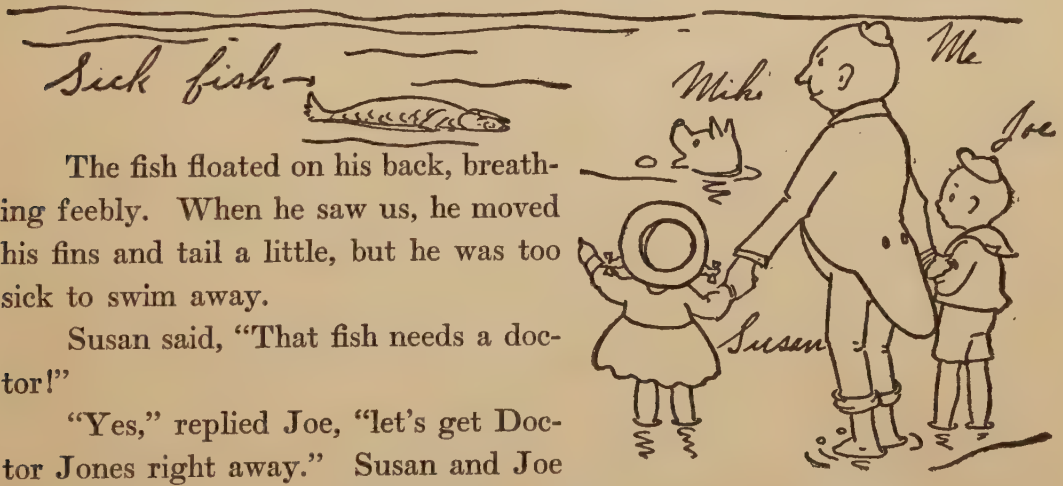


THE TAME FISH

A LETTER *from* UNCLE HENRY

DEAR SUSAN AND JOE:

I wonder when our tame fish will come back from Lake Superior? You remember the day when you and I went down to the lake to wade. Mike, the bull terrier, went with us to swim. We saw something floating in the water a little way from the shore. We thought it was a log. Mike swam out and began to bark at it. We waded out to it and found that it was not a log but a SICK FISH. Here is a picture of us and the sick fish:



The fish floated on his back, breathing feebly. When he saw us, he moved his fins and tail a little, but he was too sick to swim away.

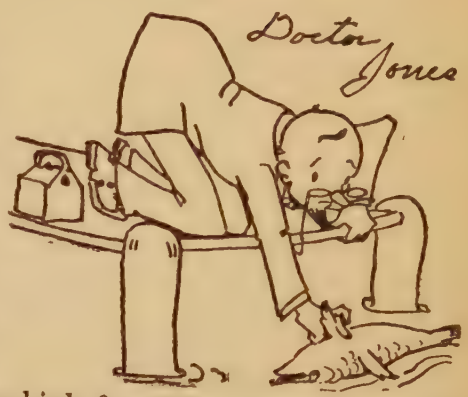
Susan said, "That fish needs a doctor!"

"Yes," replied Joe, "let's get Doctor Jones right away." Susan and Joe hurried to the doctor. Mike and I stayed on the beach to guard the fish, for fear some bad fishes might see the sick fish and hurt him.

At the doctor's house Joe called out, "Oh, Doctor Jones, there's a sick fish in Lake Michigan." Doctor Jones smiled and said, "Well, what of it?"

"But, Doctor," Joe explained, "this is a really and truly *sick* fish." Susan added, "Doctor Jones, you are kind to children and cats and dogs and I think you might be good to a fish. He really needs med-i-cal care." (Medical is a rather big word, but Susan had heard people say it the sum-

mer when they thought she had the chicken-pox.) Doctor Jones said, "Well, I will see if I can do any good to the fish."



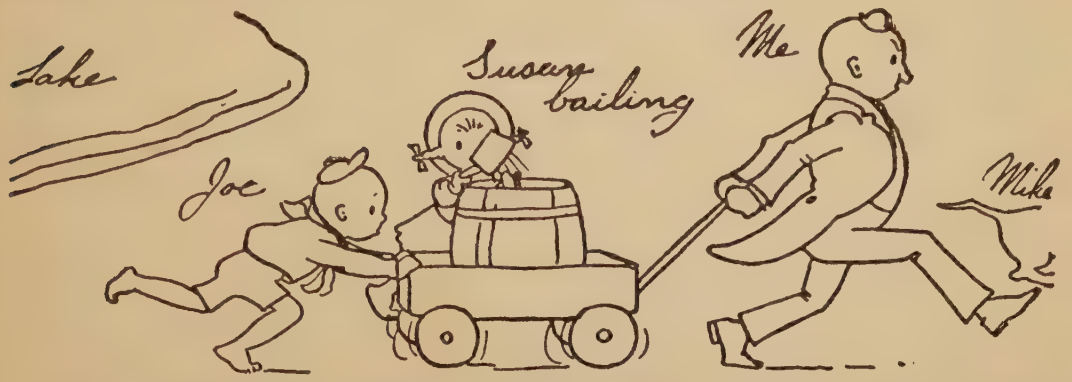
The doctor took his medicine case and came down to the beach with you children. The doctor walked out on the pier and we pushed the fish gently to the side of the pier. The doctor stooped and felt of the fish's pulse, just back of the top fin. The pulse was *very* feeble. The doctor looked at the fish's tongue. The tongue was very red and the doctor shook his head. He said that the fish had a very high fever, but careful nursing would do more for him than medicine. However, he gave us some white tablets to give the fish every hour and some pink tea tablets to give him every *half hour*. Then the doctor had to go home because your friend Ralph had fallen out of a swing, spraining a thumb and two fingers, besides skinning the end of his nose.

The fish took a white bread tablet and seemed to feel a little better; but still, we were very much alarmed about his health. Something must be done quickly! We could not stay down at the pier all night long to nurse him. Neither could we leave him alone. At last we ran home for the water-cask, leaving only Mike to look after the fish while we were gone. Mike licked the fish's face, to show that they were friends.

We put the water-cask on your wagon and trundled it down to the beach. We filled the cask with water and lifted up the fish. Here is a picture that shows how we did it:

He was pretty heavy and his skin was slippery. Only three of us could lift. Mike was no good at that. In spite of all we could do, the fish dropped back into the lake with a splash. He looked as if

he was going to faint away. "Quick," said Joe, "a pink tea tablet!" After the fish had swallowed one tablet he opened his eyes and seemed a little stronger. The next time we tried, we got the fish into the water-cask. He was so big that his nose came above the water, but Joe picked up an old tin dipper on the beach—most fortunately. Joe and I walked along, drawing the fish in the cask on the wagon.



Susan kept bailing water out of the cask into the dipper and pouring the water back over the fish's head. In that way we kept the fish quite comfortable on the hard journey home. We tried not to jolt the fish, but part of the road was very rough. Finally we reached home.

We passed a blanket under the fish and carried him to the big bath. Mike was really quite useful this time, because he held one corner of the blanket in his teeth.

The fish seemed to like the bathtub. We unscrewed the hot water faucet and closed the place with a plug, for fear that the fish might get scalded. We let the cold water faucet run all the time. We pulled out the stopper in the bathtub, so that the cold water would be changing all the time and so keep good and fresh.

The journey from the lake to the bathtub tired the fish. He rolled the whites of his eyes. That was a rather bad sign. But a white bread tablet made him feel better.

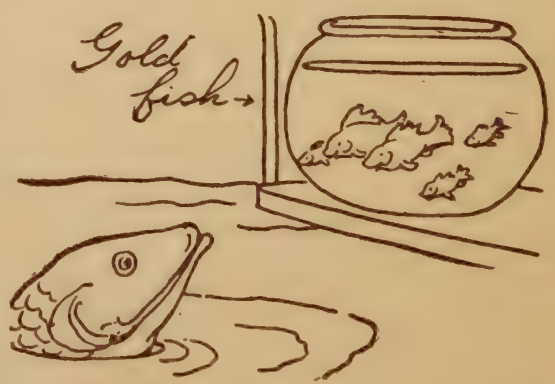
It took a long time to nurse him back to health. At first he couldn't eat anything. He turned his head away when we offered him food. At last, however, we found that he could relish some corn-flakes and cream. After that, his appetite came back. He kept us busy bringing him food.

Besides his regular breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, he took to late suppers and some snacks between meals. If he woke up during the night, he would nibble a dog-biscuit in the soap rack on the edge of the tub. Susan washed the soap rack so that the dog-biscuit would not taste of soap.

We stayed with our big fish as much as we could, but Susan and Joe had to go to school every day and I had to go to my office. The fish felt lonely when we were away. At last, however, we brought the glass globe of goldfishes to the bathroom. We put the globe with the goldfishes on the swinging bracket above the tub. The big fish and the little fishes were company to each other. The big fish didn't feel lonely any more.

Doctor Jones called in a few days. He said that we were good trained nurses and that the big fish was much better.

"All he needs now," said the doctor, "is plenty of fresh air and exercise. The tub was the place for him when he was very sick, but now the lake will give him the change he needs."



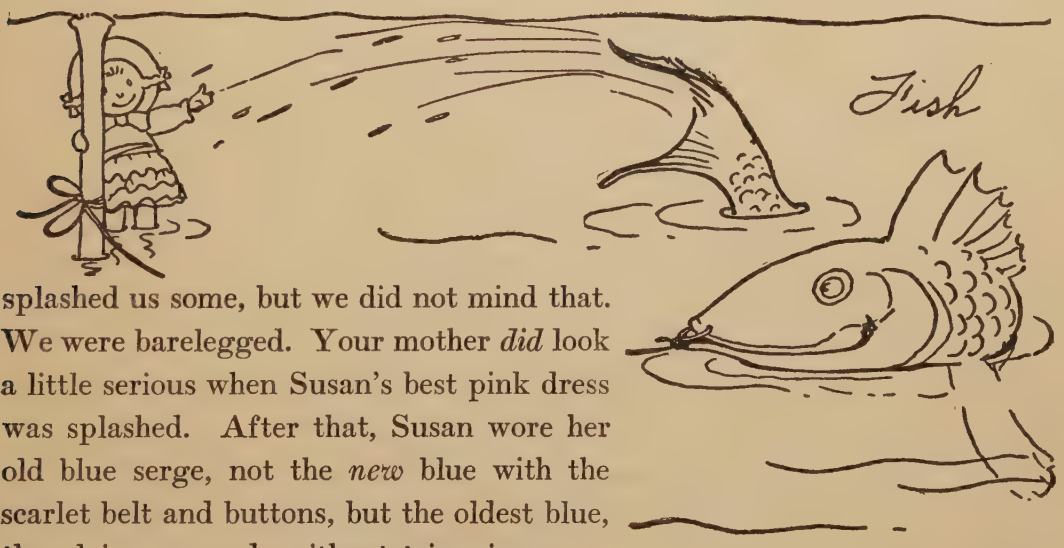
"Yes," said Susan. "Besides, he's getting too big for the tub now."

"He is certainly growing fast," said Joe. "Do you remember, when we first brought him here, there was room enough for him to swim backward and forward a few inches? Now he is almost a tight fit.

I asked whether we should keep on giving him his tablets. Doctor Jones told us to stop the pink tea tablets entirely and only give him a white bread tablet every two hours. The doctor said it was important not to leave off the white bread tablets entirely; the fish might have a sinking spell if we stopped too suddenly.

"But, Doctor," said Susan, "if we turn the fish loose in the lake he might get lost and be very sick for want of a white bread tablet."

"Can't you tie him to the pier?" asked the doctor. That set us thinking. As we feared the fish might get bruised against the pier in rough weather, we drove a stake into the sandy bottom of the lake, about fourteen feet from the shore. No, I remember it was fifteen and a half feet, when Joe measured the distance with his foot rule. I took the keys off my split ring, and carried the keys loose in my pocket until I could buy a new split ring. I slipped the old split ring through the fish's nose. It hurt the fish a *little* going on, but was perfectly comfortable when it was in place. We tied one end of a clothes-line to the stake and the other end to the split ring. We gave the big fish plenty of rope, so that he could swim around very comfortably. He began to play, jumping up and tossing the water about. He

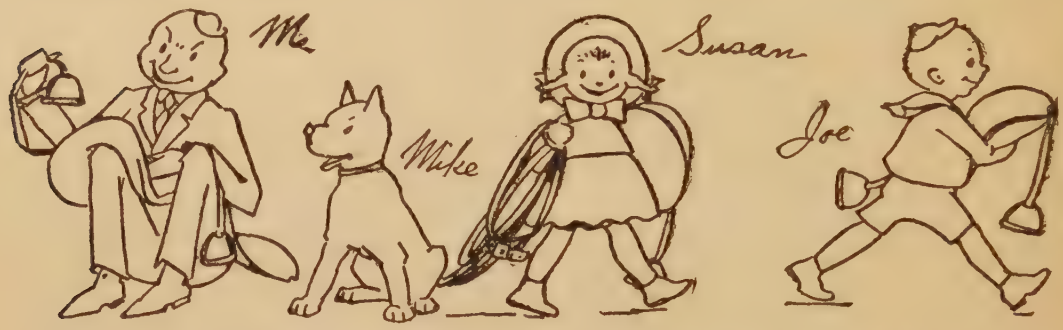


splashed us some, but we did not mind that. We were barelegged. Your mother *did* look a little serious when Susan's best pink dress was splashed. After that, Susan wore her old blue serge, not the *new* blue with the scarlet belt and buttons, but the oldest blue, the plain one made without trimmings.

After the fish had been in the lake a few days we never could have put him into the bathtub again, because he grew so much larger. We couldn't tell just how much he grew every day. We did not measure him when he was sick, but three weeks after he got well, you remember, Susan, you measured him with your mother's tape line, and he measured eleven feet two and a half inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He was quite a large fish.

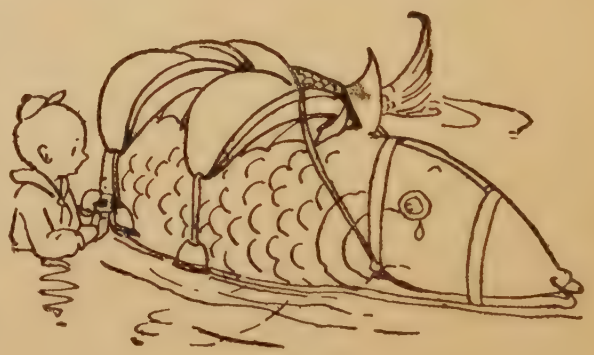
We saved our pennies and bought a bridle and three saddles at a second-hand harness shop. One of the stirrups was gone but the harness-

maker put on a new stirrup without extra charge. The new stirrup was iron. It didn't quite match, but they looked near enough alike. People hardly ever noticed the difference. You see, nobody could be on both sides of our big fish at the same time. That was very good. Here is a picture of what happened next:



Then we told your mother that we were thinking of riding our fish far out on Lake Michigan. Your mother was rather timid. She insisted that we should wear life-preservers around our waists. We started to persuade your mother that this was unnecessary, but as it took too much time, we belted on our life-preservers.

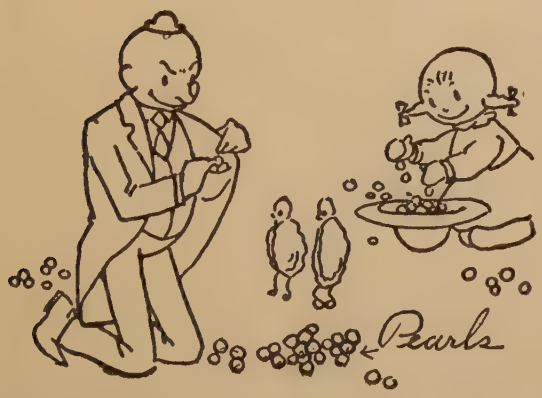
Then we took the bridle and the three saddles down to the beach and put them on the fish. By mistake we strapped the *middle* saddle on too tight. It gave the fish a pain in his stomach, but we let out the strap two holes and then the big fish felt very comfortable and jolly.



We were about half a mile from the shore on the back of our fish when we saw a white dot on the water. It came nearer, and then we realized it was Mike. We hadn't intended to take Mike because there was hardly room enough for him. However, we helped him climb up. He squeezed in between Susan and Joe and clung tight with all four legs. He was so glad to come with us that he didn't mind being a little uncomfortable.

The big fish took us to a far-away island, where the pearl oysters grow. We had lots of fun on the island, doing all sorts of things. So did Mike be-

cause he wanted to show how thankful he was to be with us. Mike was very helpful in many ways. He was kind to the big fish, too. Mike likes anything that wags a tail. Fishes wag their tails.



We filled our pockets with the most beautiful pearls. When we came home, we sold the pearls to a jeweler for much money. The jeweler wanted to make a necklace for the Queen of England.

About once a year all the big fish in Lake Michigan like to visit their relatives in Lake Superior. Our fish wanted to go when he saw the other big fishes swimming by. Our fish pulled at his rope to let us know. After the big fishes have their visit they come home again. We let our fish go with the other big fishes. They usually stay away six weeks, sometimes eight weeks if they are having a good time.

Our fish has been away seven weeks. I think that we had better go down to the beach one week from to-day to welcome our fish home. We will stand on the beach and wave to him when we see him coming home.

This is a picture of us when we will welcome our big fish. He will be glad to see us and take us out riding again on his back. The bridle and the three saddles are hanging in your back porch, all ready for our next ride.

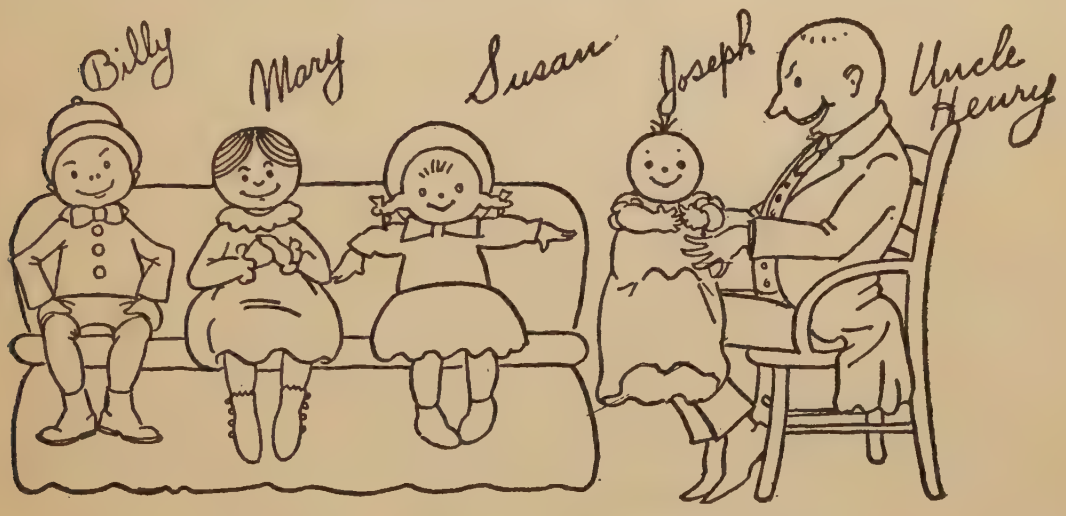
Your affectionate

Uncle Henry

GOING UP in a BALLOON

DEAR BILLY, MARY, SUSAN, AND JOE:

Once you and I thought it would be fun to go up in a balloon. We made the balloon out of pieces of silk of very beautiful colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. We bought a great wicker basket, large enough for us and the dog and our clothes and food. The lower part of the basket was a sort of storeroom divided into compartments. Two compartments lined with tin were for lemonade, three for candy, one for



bread and butter, one lined with tin for milk, one for meat, and one for our winter flannels, because we might get cold away up in the air. Above the storeroom was a floor with a trap door in the floor to get at the things in the storeroom. On the floor were little wicker chairs where we could sit and just look over the edge of the basket. There were blankets on the floor for us to sleep on. The basket was fastened to the balloon by steel wires. We had a flag marked, "Miller Children and Uncle Henry," so that people would know who we were.

When you had decided to go and were all ready, you thought you ought to ask permission of your mother and father, and you did so.

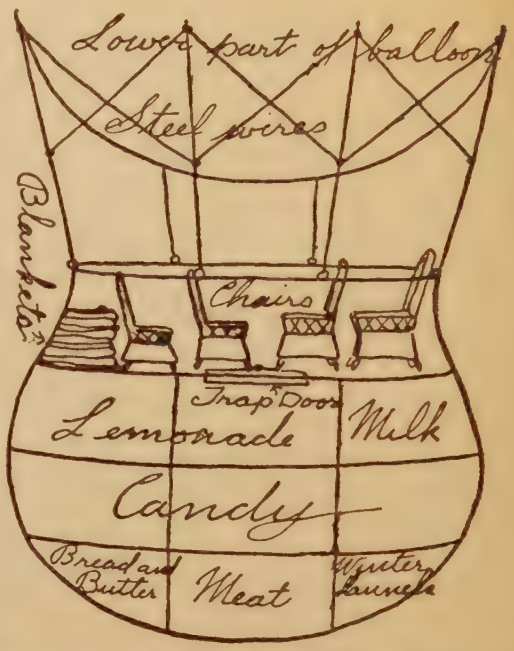
"Don't you think it would be rather dangerous?" said your father.

"Not at all," said you.

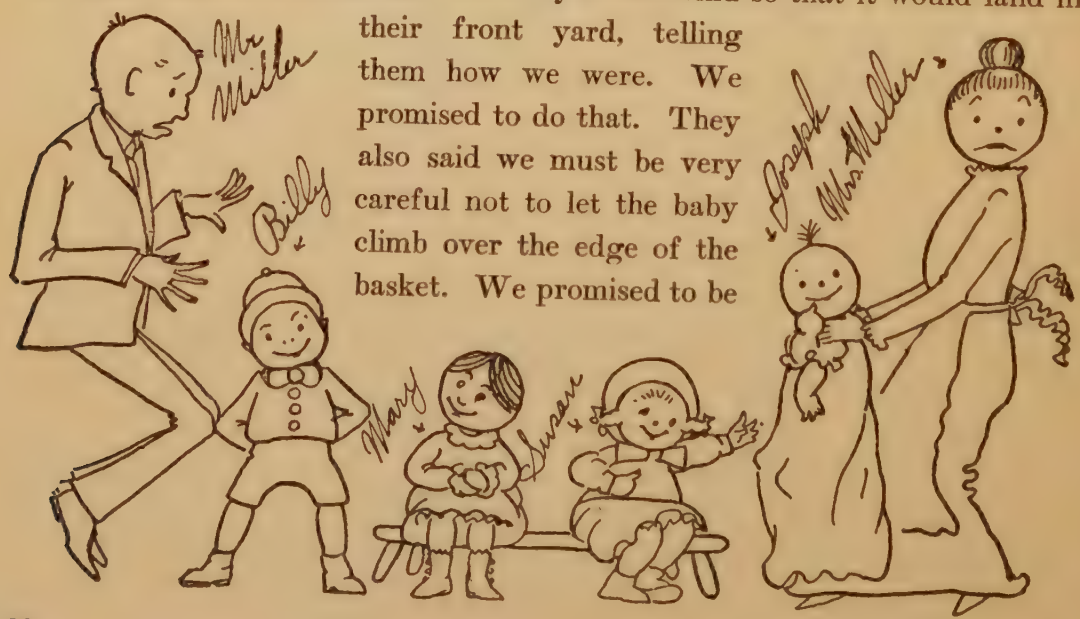
"But isn't the baby too young to go flying through the air with just you and Uncle Henry?" said your mother.

"Certainly not," said you.

"Oh, very well, then," said your mother and father, smiling pleasantly. "You can go, but when will you come back?"



You told them that if any little accident happened, you would turn around and be home that evening, but not to keep supper waiting, and to lock the front door at eight o'clock; if we came home later than that, we would climb a tree and roost there like birds until morning. But if the balloon worked all right, we would be gone about a week or perhaps ten days; we couldn't tell exactly how long, but they must not feel at all worried about us. They said they wouldn't, but they wished we could drop a postal card to them once in a while and let it fly in the wind so that it would land in their front yard, telling them how we were. We promised to do that. They also said we must be very careful not to let the baby climb over the edge of the basket. We promised to be



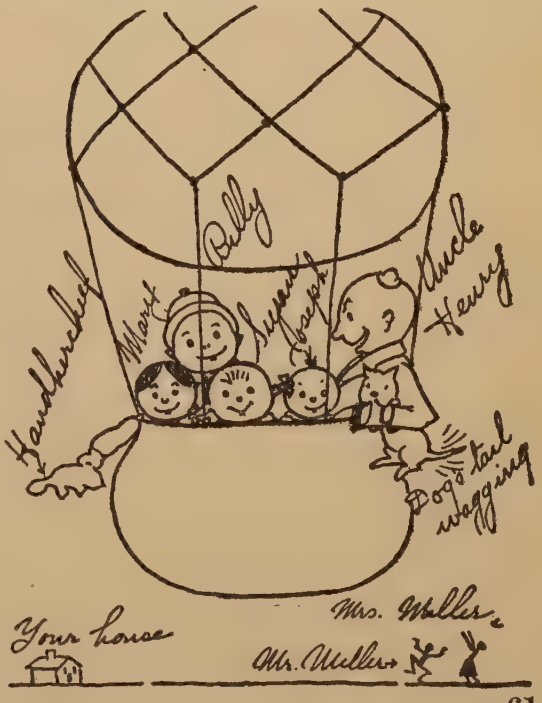
quite careful. Thus everything was settled pleasantly all around. Your father whistled a few tuneful notes and your mother sang a little song from pure gaiety of heart. You laughed and clapped your hands, and I gave a high jump and made a few dancing steps in the air.

Then we filled the balloon with gas from the gas fixture in the front hall, and we climbed into the basket. Your father and mother laughed, and we all laughed, and the dog barked joyfully as we sailed away through the air.

After we were up about a thousand feet, Mary remembered that she had forgotten her tooth-brush. We sailed back to the second story of the house and your mother threw the tooth-brush to us. Billy caught it skilfully like a fine baseball player.

The first thing we did after we were fairly started was to decide how many meals we should take a day. I said I had never had quite enough to eat, and you said you were hungry most of the time, no matter how much you ate. We finally decided to have eight meals a day, and, of course, if any one felt hungry between meals, he could munch an orange or bite a stick of candy, or devour a ham sandwich or toss down a glass of milk.

When we were over Lake Michigan, about a mile from shore, we took our first meal, and then Susan said, "Oh, let's take two meals together!" We did that, and then, feeling a little hungry, we passed oranges around. Then Mary said that she might relish a ham sandwich. That struck us all as being a very good idea. We took a sandwich apiece and Billy and the dog each took an extra sandwich. I asked Billy how he felt, and he said his jacket felt a little too tight. Then he unbuttoned it and was very comfortable. The dog's only jacket was his shaggy skin, and he couldn't unbutton that.



When night came, would you believe it, the baby began to feel rather lonesome, and looked quite serious for a moment. But we laughed and cooed to him and tossed him up, taking great pains to catch him as he came down, and finally he crowed with delight. We were sleepy by that time, and all cuddled down, except that we left the dog to keep watch. He was very proud to be our sentinel. To show us that he was awake, he barked quite loudly, but this woke us up, and we had to tell him to keep quiet. After that he yawned prodigiously, stuck out his red tongue to try to see the tip of it, then chased his tail around the basket a few times, and lay down after such violent exercise. The next thing he knew it was morning; but, of course, it was perfectly safe up in the air. Automobiles and railroad cars sometimes bump us on land, but they can't do so in the sky.

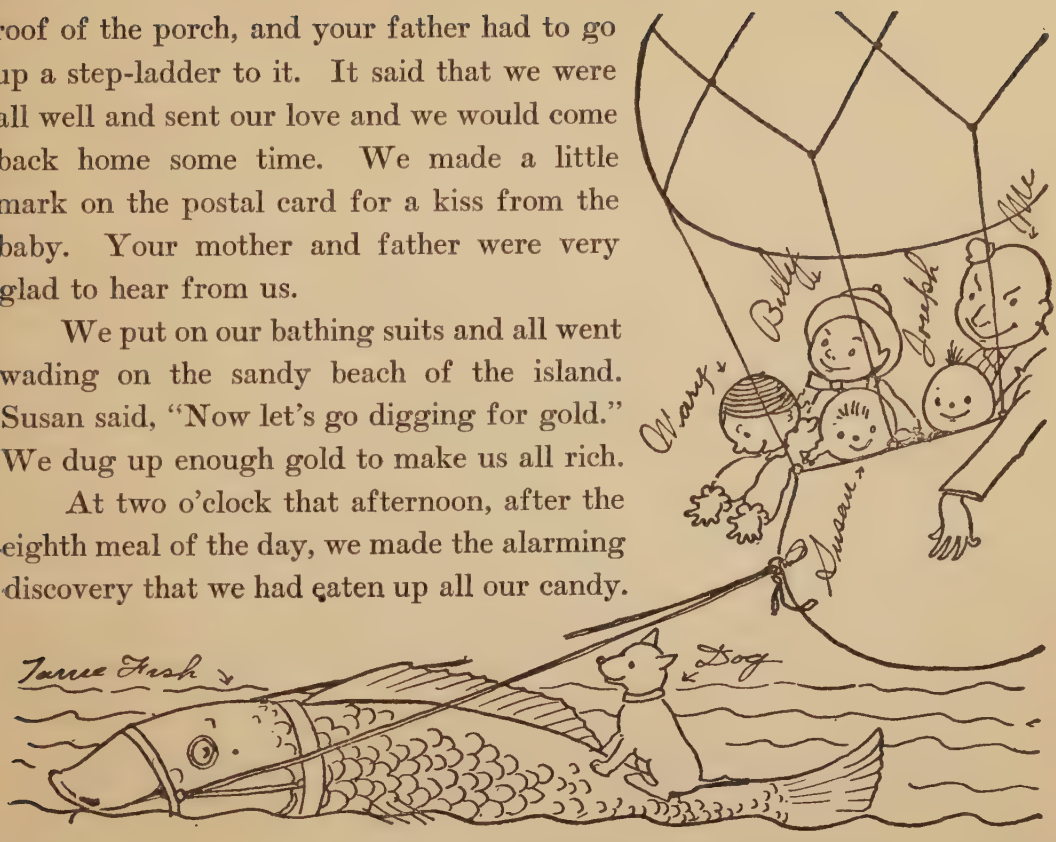
After breakfast No. 1 and breakfast No. 2 for all of us, and breakfast No. 3 for Billy, as he felt hungry on account of the fresh morning air giving him an appetite, we found ourselves over the middle of Lake Michigan. I whistled to my big tame fish, who came leaping and splashing to the surface of the water. I let down his harness to him and he swam into it, and I fastened the traces to the balloon. Then he pulled us along, he in the water and we in the air, until we came to a desert island. There we tied the balloon to a tree and we shinned down the tree and fastened the fish to a stake, just like tying a horse in his stall, and we gave the fish a good luncheon. The fish liked us very much, and wagged his tail whenever we came near him. He and the dog were good friends, and sometimes the dog rode on the fish's back, barking at the gulls flying by.

The island was full of strawberries, raspberries, apples, peaches, grapes, oranges, figs, and bananas, which we ate and ate until we began to swell like large round balls. Then we stopped eating for at least fifteen minutes, for we didn't want to be greedy children. We wrote a postal card to your mother and father, put a one-cent postage stamp on it, and tossed it into the air. Away it flew on the west wind to your house. It fluttered onto the

roof of the porch, and your father had to go up a step-ladder to it. It said that we were all well and sent our love and we would come back home some time. We made a little mark on the postal card for a kiss from the baby. Your mother and father were very glad to hear from us.

We put on our bathing suits and all went wading on the sandy beach of the island. Susan said, "Now let's go digging for gold." We dug up enough gold to make us all rich.

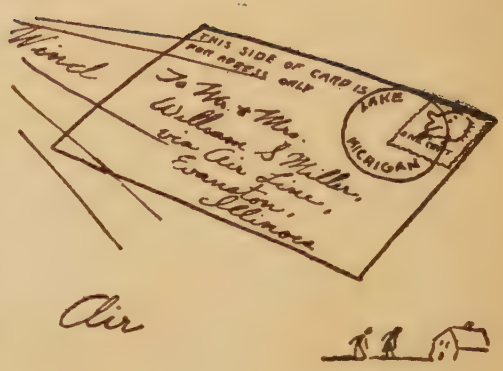
At two o'clock that afternoon, after the eighth meal of the day, we made the alarming discovery that we had eaten up all our candy.



As we had nothing but bread and meat left, off we started for home in the balloon. It was well weighted down with the gold, but it kept above the water and was tugged along by the big tame fish. We tossed another postal card into the air asking to have quite a large supper ready for us at your house at six o'clock sharp that evening. As the postal card was lighter than the balloon, the wind carried it faster and brought it to your house at fifteen minutes after four that afternoon, and there was plenty of time for baking and broiling before supper time.

Your mother and father were glad to see us, and asked if we had washed our hands and faces three times a day. We said no, but that we had done it all up by our one big bath at the island, which was much pleasanter than fussing all the time with soap and water. The baby's face was sunburned to a bright red, I had torn my coat, Mary her shirt-waist, Susan her dress, and Billy had barked his shins climbing down the tree at the island. The dog's hair was full of burrs. Otherwise we were all right and we were in high spirits.

At supper each of you had three to five helps of everything on the table. I was helped, I forget how many times, or rather, that is to say, perhaps, I could tell, but, pshaw, what's the use—it was a good many times. It makes me hungry all over again to think of it. Then we told your mother and father about our wonderful voyage in the air.



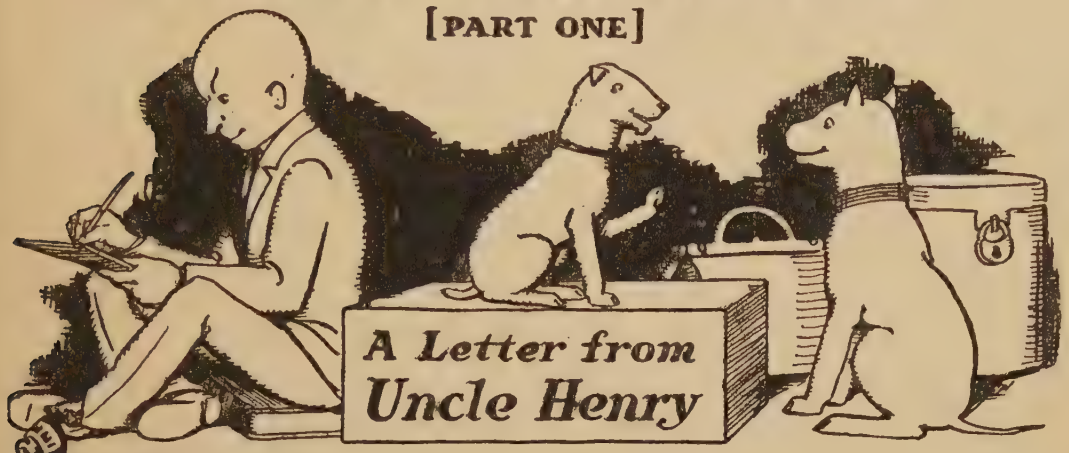
The next morning your father put all our gold into the Northern Trust Company for us. It made us very rich indeed, but we were not proud or disagreeable to anybody. We had the gold made into bright gold dollars for ourselves and we had some of the dollars changed into pennies and gave the pennies to the poor.

Your affffectionate

Uncle Henry

THE DOGS' FIRST VACATION

[PART ONE]



MY dear Joe:

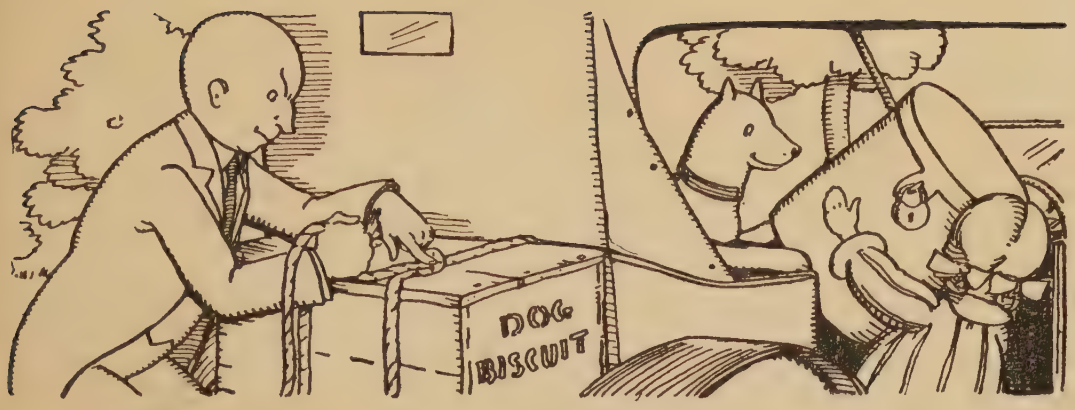
A while ago, my bull terrier, Mike Mason, and Joe Miller's Airedale pup, Sandy Miller, planned a summer vacation for themselves and some pleasant dogs they knew, jolly dogs, bent on having a good time, and no quarreling.

Well, when Mike came back from calling on Sandy at Winnetka, who do you suppose was waiting at the flat to see Mike? It was Billy Ruysdael, the one-year-old Airedale, just in from California. Billy had stood that three-thousand-mile journey very well, although he was glad to get out of his traveling box and leave the express car for the flat. I wish that you could have seen the joyful meeting between Eleanor and Billy Ruysdael. He belongs to her. Billy was game for any fun. He was perfectly delighted to hear the plans for the dogs' vacation, as soon as he knew that Eleanor was going along too. She had arranged to take the dogs in her automobile.

Well, the invitations were all out, and every dog accepted his invitation. Eleanor's second Airedale, Marathon Jiggs, seven months old, came by boat from Wisconsin on purpose to go on the vacation. The great day came at last. The neighboring dogs had been asked to breakfast at the Mason flat—pot-roast and carrots. Sandy Miller had come down from Winnetka the day before. Sandy Miller and Mike Mason and Billy Ruysdael and Marathon Jiggs were there at breakfast, also Bennie Gorman, the two-year-old bull terrier who lives seven doors east of us; and Lady Oram, the smooth haired fox terrier from the flat around the corner. Old Major Barker, the wire haired fox terrier in the house across the street, had made all his preparations to go too; but unfortunately he fell lame of one leg the day before and had to stay at home. That was one of the greatest disappointments of Major Barker's life; but he is pretty well now—only limps a little—and he is going to go on the vacation next year. Major Barker wouldn't miss that vacation for anything.

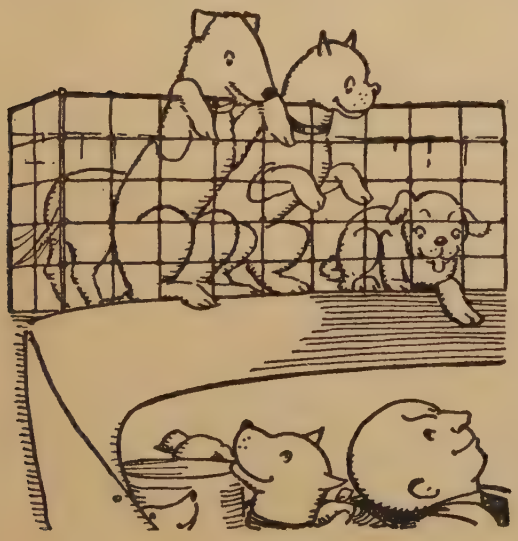
Lady Oram has a great friend, named Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher. They are about the same age and used to play together when they were puppies. They have visited each other ever since. Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher is the little dog who lives in the big garage. When Lady Oram decided to go on vacation, Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher wanted to go, too. But Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher's six puppies are small and one of them delicate. Perhaps, Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher might have hired some other dog to look after the puppies, while she was away. But after all, mother love is the best thing for rearing the young. So Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher gave up the idea of going; and she did it cheerfully, too.

The other dogs lived farther away from the Mason flat. So we were



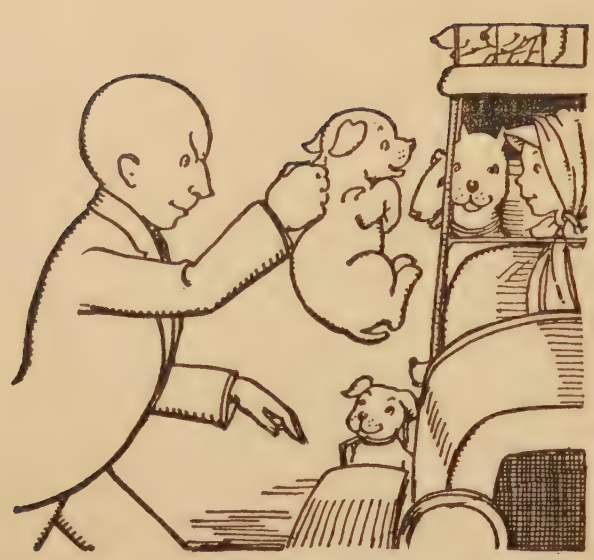
going to pick them up at their houses, on our way out of town. The first plan for the vacation was that nobody should go except dogs. But Billy Ruysdael wouldn't go unless his mistress, Eleanor Ruysdael, went along too. Besides, Eleanor had to run the automobile. I was invited, because I had to deal out the food on the journey.

The automobile was specially prepared for the occasion. A great box of dog biscuit was lashed to the rear of the automobile. A ten-gallon-jug of buttermilk was tightly corked and set on the floor of the car. A tin can of gingerbread, padlocked, was also carried with us. Of course, this is not particularly healthy for dogs; but they do like a little relish with their meals. So we concluded that fresh air and exercise would keep the dogs hearty, and consequently the gingerbread wouldn't upset their stomachs if they didn't have too much of it.



Underneath the car was carried a clock-work arrangement. It could be taken off and set up in a house or barn or anywhere and wound up to work ten days. I'll tell you the use of it, pretty soon.

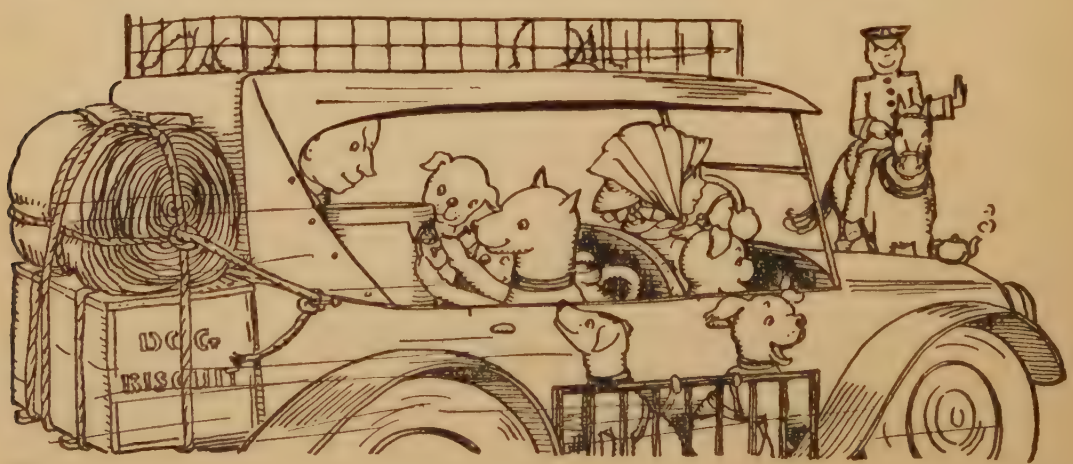
There were luggage racks screwed to the running board on both sides of the car, with short straps to tie the dogs in, so that they shouldn't fall out. There was a wire cage along the whole top of the car. There was room enough inside the car for



several dogs, besides room for Eleanor and me and the buttermilk and gingerbread. At first, we thought we couldn't carry all the dog blankets with us. But, finally, we did pull up the blankets into a big bale and hung the bale at the rear of the car above the dog biscuit. We fastened the bale on securely, so that it couldn't flop off.

Of all the troubles in the world, preserve me from the bother of getting dogs settled in their places. Those on top of the car wanted to ride on the running board, and the dogs already on the running board wanted to ride on top. The dogs inside the car put on airs and made the outside dogs rather envious. But everybody kept his temper. I caught the last dog by the nape of his neck and tossed him into the car. He knew that it was all in fun. We never would have got started, if I hadn't hurried things up.

At last we were off, dogs yelping in their excitement, Mike trying to unlock the can of gingerbread, the other dogs looking eagerly on, passers-by smiling to see the jolly company, people on the bus waving to us, the mounted police laughing outright and giving us the right of way.



We stopped first at Duff Morrison's house. Duff is a Scotch terrier. He is a perfect angel with children and grown people. But when Duff was little, he had been mixed up with a set of quarrelsome dogs, always snapping and growling. So Duff is rather "offish" to strange dogs. But when Duff learned that the vacation dogs were all good-natured, he wanted to go with them. He was ready when we stopped at his door. He rushed down the front steps and made a flying leap to the running board. When I tied him in, Duff was amused. When I smiled at him, he almost winked at me.

We drove past Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher's garage so as to have a look at her. She sat on the window sill and wagged a gay good-bye to us.

One of her puppies had crawled onto the window sill, or had been lifted there, to enjoy the sunshine. The puppy blinked at us, but I don't think he saw us plainly, because his eyes had come open only the day before. I hope that Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher's puppies will be so big and hearty by next summer that the whole family can go on vacation at that time. Mike is already planning a big vacation then.

We stopped next at Bounce Curtin's house. Bounce is an Airedale, only twelve weeks old. At first, the Curtin family thought Bounce too young to go on his travels, but we carried a little milk for Bounce and could get more milk at farmers' houses. Then, too, the older dogs were willing to look after Bounce. So the Curtin family concluded to let him go. Bounce was nearly wild with joy. We took him inside the car, because he was so young.

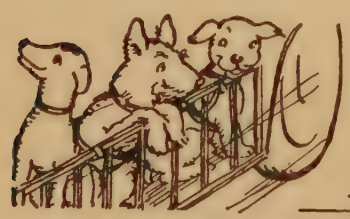
Now, who do you suppose was the next dog we took along? Mike had made friends with the motorman on the elevated road, on Mike's trip to Winnetka. Well, sir, that good-natured motorman has the most good-natured dog that ever you saw. The motorman's dog

is not very high-bred—just a yellow dog—but everybody likes him. His name is Rod Flannigan. Eleanor gave Rod a red blanket and a nickel-plated collar, so Rod was as stylish as anybody. Rod didn't know many of the other dogs but Mike introduced him and soon they were all well acquainted.

Next, we called for Rowdy Walders. Rowdy's first name is rather rough-and-tumble, but she is a very good-natured Airedale, about a year old. Rowdy's mistress, Mrs. Walders, lives at the Congress Hotel, where dogs are not allowed. So Rowdy has to board at Doctor Quitman's Kennels in Van Buren Street. Mrs. Walders visits Rowdy every two or three days to take her out riding and give her a good run in Humboldt Park. Rowdy Walders knows Mike Mason slightly and she knows Billy Ruysdael very well. Mike has boarded a few times at the Quitman Kennels, Billy often, when Eleanor or I were out of town. Mrs. Walders didn't like to let Rowdy be away a long time. But Mrs. Walders finally concluded that a good vacation would be well for Rowdy's health and happiness. Rowdy Walders had never met Lady Oram before, but they took to each other the minute they met.

Billy Ruysdael has a most tremendous voice. It sounds like a trumpet. When we want to hear him, we hum a little and then Billy lifts up his voice. Rod has a good tenor voice, a little worn on the upper notes. Rod would join in with Billy, but Billy's voice would drown out Rod's. Billy's was so much louder. Marathon Jiggs, however, has such a piercing falsetto that he can be heard even amid Billy's howls.

With these jolly dogs we left Chicago, ready for the gay trip that would end at our camping grounds. But of the exciting adventures that we had along the way I have not space to tell you this time. I will leave you to imagine how these eleven dogs amused themselves. Before long I shall tell you all about it, and about their vacation at the Highland Park Country Club.



Your affectionate,

Uncle Henry

THE DOGS' FIRST VACATION

[PART TWO]

The Camping Ground

MY dear Joe:

There were eleven dogs, you remember, who left Chicago with Eleanor and me, in Eleanor's car, for a summer vacation in the country. Some of the dogs rode inside the car, and some were on the running board. A huge box of dog biscuit, a ten-gallon jug of buttermilk and a tin of gingerbread were also carried with us.

Billy Ruysdael and Rod Flannigan and Marathon Jiggs sang cheerful songs to us as we left Chicago. The first excitement along the way was over a farmer's dog. That dog had a perfect right to be where he was. He was in his own yard and had done his duty, driving cows to pasture. Next, he was going to chase some pigs out of the clover-patch. The pigs had burrowed under the gate and were snatching a hasty meal. The farmer's dog waited a minute before turning the pigs out, because he had heard the yelps and barks down the road out of our automobile; and he was curious to find out what was coming.

Billy didn't take time to consider things properly. He seemed to think that no strange dog had a right to live along the highway, where Billy was traveling. So Billy let out, at the farmer's dog, a regular bellow, more like an angry Short-Horn bull than a well-behaved Airedale dog.

I lost patience with Billy. I called him a big baboon. That was a little too severe perhaps. But we were not a band of fighters, traveling about the country to pick quarrels with farmers' dogs, who had a perfect right to live and enjoy themselves and were useful dogs too, looking after the cattle and pigs. I had to be severe with Billy. But I couldn't resist him, when he nudged me with his nose and slid his hairy paw into my hand; so we made up our quarrel.

The first stop was for refreshments. The dogs thought that lunch was more than an hour late. But it wasn't. We lunched at a quarter to twelve, fifteen minutes earlier than usual. As soon as we stopped, Mike was all for getting out the gingerbread. But I told him, "No, no gingerbread till dinner time. Do you want to make your guests sick?"

We were in a shady place by a brook. Just beyond it was a great pasture. I gave Bounce Curtin his milk and served out dog biscuit to the other dogs. Eleanor and I had cold chicken sandwiches and hot coffee, kept hot in a thermos bottle. She and I sat on a log, enjoying our luncheon. Some of the dogs gobbled up their food in a hurry and came

strolling by, as much as to say, "Not wishing to intrude, but, if there is any of the white meat left over or even some dark meat, it would be a pity to waste it." Eleanor and I didn't waste it. We ate it up ourselves. Those dogs had had enough food already. I do remember, though, that we gave Lady Oram some chicken, because she was delicate.

All the dogs had a glorious romp in the pasture, running and jumping. We were afraid that some of them might get lost. But they all came back panting, with their tongues lolling out. Then every dog took a drink in the brook. Billy and two or three others went in swimming. It took some time to rough-dry the swimmers with a bath towel before we let them back in the car.

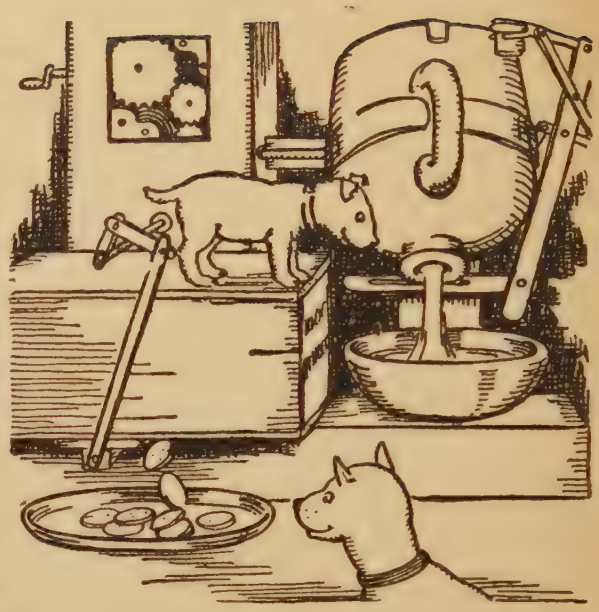
When we went on after luncheon, every dog in that car fell asleep inside of six minutes. The perfect silence was a great contrast to the barks and yelps the dogs had let out before luncheon.

At last we came to the Highland Park Country Club. The president of the club had told Mike that he might take his friends to the deserted barn in the hollow behind the club house. The president had given orders to have hay strewn over the floor and it made very comfortable beds. We gave every dog his blanket and made him responsible for the care of it. Of course, I don't know all that happened during the ten days that the dogs spent at the barn. The idea was to leave the dogs by themselves, so that they might have a good time, with nobody to bother them.

Oh, I forgot to say that we passed the gingerbread around among the dogs a little while before we came to the Country Club. The dogs wanted the gingerbread very much.

There was running water in the barn, running all the time into a trough and then off into a drain. I took the clock-work arrangement

into the barn and wound it up, so that twice a day it would let out enough food from the box and enough buttermilk from the jug to make a meal for all the dogs. The president of the club had arranged for Bounce Curtin to get his milk at the Country Club. Some of the other dogs occasionally called on the cook at the Country Club. She fed them scraps. These dogs became very much interested in the cook. The cook told me afterwards that all the dogs spent their time eating, sleeping, and playing; and there was not a quarrel among them during the whole vacation.



Bennie Gorman caught his tail in the crack of the barn door one day but his tail soon healed, with just a little hump to it that you would scarcely notice. That was the only accident that happened. Mike did over-eat the second day, but you would hardly call that an accident because Mike meant to do it. Mike had to skip the next meal but he was all right and ate plenty the next morning.

All vacations must come to an end. At the end of the ten days, Eleanor and I came back for the dogs, in her automobile. We brought

along with us as a treat for each of the younger dogs and for Lady Oram, who is delicate, a half pint of malted milk, and for the whole pack a fourteen-pound-roast of beef, already sliced so that each dog had a choice cut without being kept waiting. You ought to have seen that roast beef fly down their throats.

The dogs were tired but well and happy and very glad to see us. The younger dogs fell asleep on the homeward journey, but the people were waiting for them. When we stopped in front of their houses we put the sleeping puppies in their masters' arms.

So ended the dogs' first vacation. That vacation did all the dogs good, but Lady Oram most of all. She had always been delicate and had to be fed at home mostly on chicken soup, but she relished the buttermilk and dog biscuit on her vacation and has since been able to eat an occasional piece of beefsteak well done. She can't hog down two or three pounds of raw meat as some dogs do. Lady Oram still has a slight cough in rainy weather but nothing like the colds she used to have.

The dogs' vacation was a great success. They intend to take another one next year.

Your affectionate,

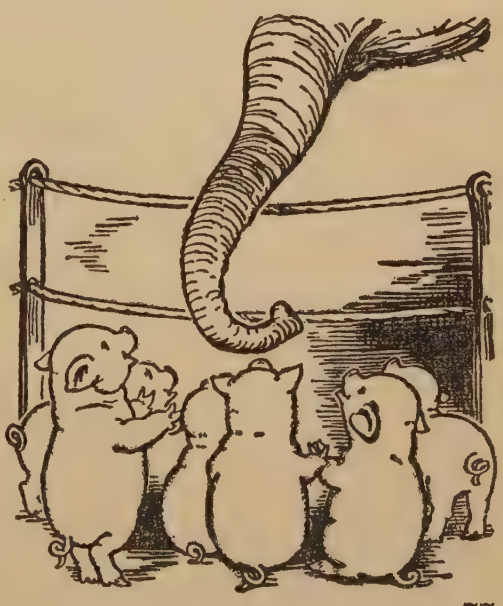
Uncle Henry

The LITTLE PIGS and THEIR GOOD MOTHER

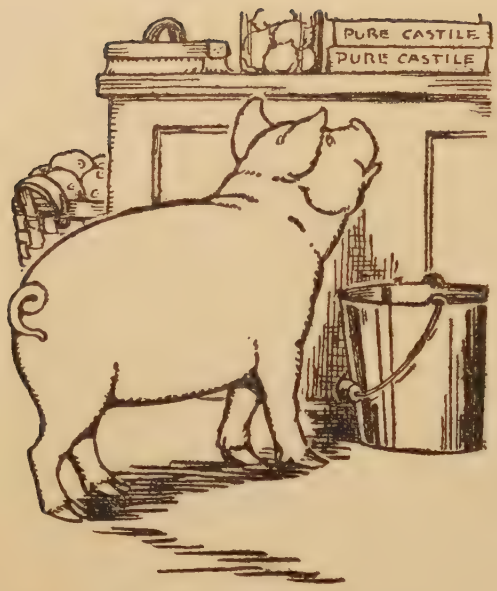
MY DEAR SUSAN:

You know that on a farm three miles southwest of Joliet, Will County, Illinois, lives a large white pig, the mother of six pink piglings. The mother keeps her pigpen, or rather her house, well scrubbed and swept, because she wants her darlings to be clean and not grow up into horrid hogs. You'll see in a minute how she does it.

She has money enough to raise her family nicely, because she took a prize at the County Fair for the best mother pig with a litter of little ones. The prize was fifty dollars. The farmer let her keep it for her own. It is in a leather purse, buried in a corner of the back yard; but she digs it up and takes out spending money, when she needs it. Then she covers up the purse and the remaining money.



She is not extravagant, although she did treat her family to tickets to the circus, on the Fourth of July, because she thought it would improve their minds to see lions, tigers and



elephants. They can see horses, cows and dogs for nothing. On Christmas Day she bought her children a dozen Florida oranges, two oranges for each pigling.

Mostly, however, she uses her money to keep her little ones neat. She trades at the village store, corner of the dirt road and the state highway, half a mile south of the farm. The shopkeeper knows what she wants, because she stands in front of the article and grunts.

Her largest purchase was made the day after she came into her money. This is what she bought then: half a dozen dishes of stoneware, six spoons, one ladle, tin bathtub, four bars of castile soap, looking glass, seven face towels, seven bath towels, scrubbing brush, hair brush, large comb, little comb, seven tooth brushes, tooth powder, cologne, mop, pail and broom. She always pays cash for everything—never has anything charged to her. That's the best way. People who run up bills get into trouble.

The shopkeeper did the things up in a bundle, tied it securely and fastened a wooden handle to the string, so that she might carry the package by the handle; but she found that it was too large and heavy for her to carry or even drag. However, that good-natured shopkeeper, when he saw the fix she was in, hitched up his horse and wagon and carried the things home for her. He let her ride on the front seat by his side. He didn't mind; she is perfectly clean and respectable.

She had a key to her pigpen. The farmer gave her the key and

showed her how to use it. I must say that he is a nice man. Everybody in Will County likes him. She wanted him to know how much she thought of him, so she has learned to wag her tail like a dog, and she wags it whenever the farmer comes around. The piglings are practicing wagging, too. The one named Alexander wags the best.

The piglings were very good while their mother went shopping, except that the strongest one, named Ring-Tail, pushed his little brother Alexander into a pan of water. Ring-Tail ought not to have done that. That was mischief. Ring-Tail was sorry, though, when Aleck cried. Ring-Tail comforted Aleck by rubbing him dry with clean straw and giving him three bites of a rosy-cheeked apple. Pigs on the farm don't have to buy apples. The farmer gives them all the wind-falls. The apples are mostly Albemarle Pippins, but there are some Spitzenburgs and a few crab-apples—sweet ones, though.

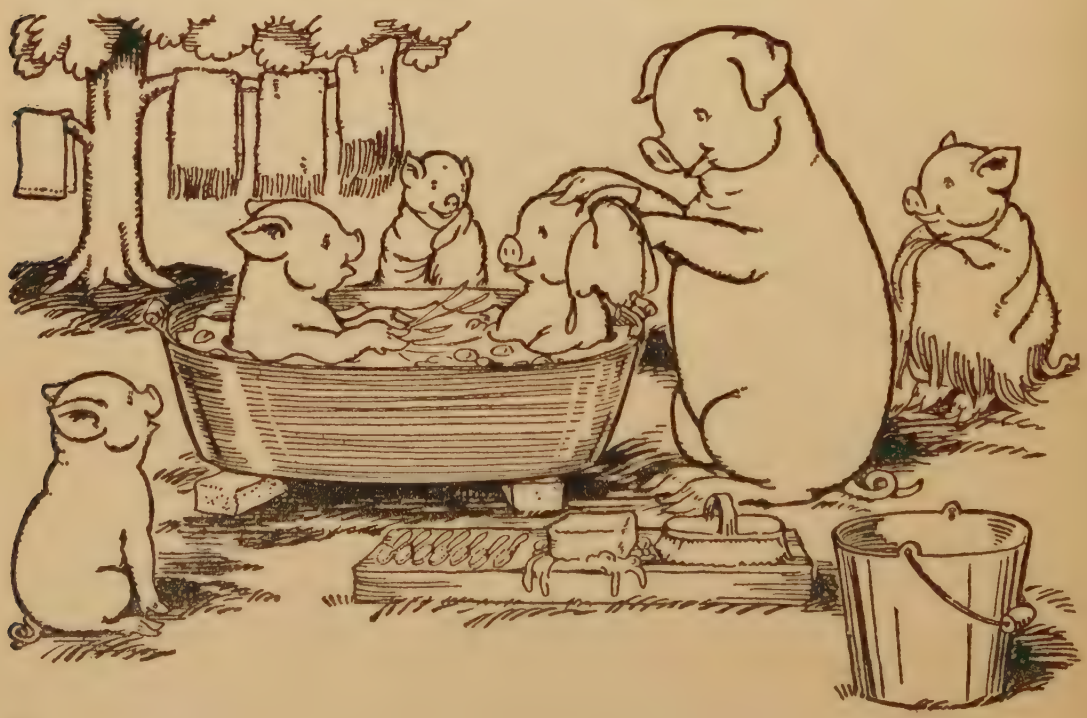
The piglings were delighted to see their mother come home with the bathtub and all the other things from the store. She fetched hot water from the farm-house kitchen in her new pail, mixed a little cold with it from the barnyard pump, poured the mixture into the tin tub and gave her children a warm bath, using plenty of soap, especially on their faces and feet. She was careful not to get soap in their eyes. She usually bathes her children two by two, so that she has to fill the tub three times whenever she gives them a bath all around. The youngsters like to splash in pairs.

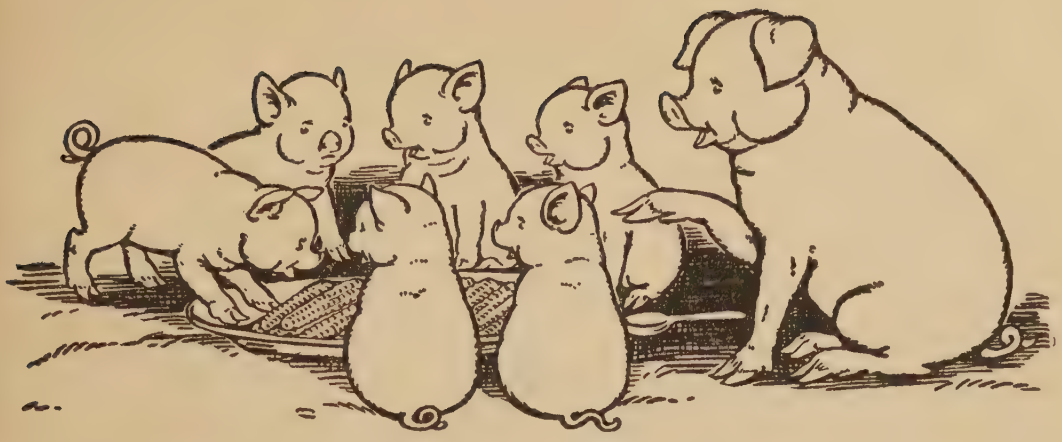
After this first bath, she dried her children with three of the bath towels and brushed and combed them and parted their hair down their spines and brushed their teeth. She poured a few drops of cologne on their heads.

It was the first warm bath they had ever had. Before that, their mother used to pump cold water on them once in a while. They hate cold water—love warm. Now that the piglings are half grown, they know how to bathe themselves and brush their teeth. Their mother has to remind them occasionally that it is high time for them to use the tub and get busy with their toothbrushes.

They have learned to make themselves useful on the farm. They drive the cows to pasture and scare the crows out of the corn. They also hunt eggs in the barn and among the bushes and carry the eggs in their mouths to the farmer's wife, without breaking any. Then the farmer's wife gives those piglings a treat—usually turnips or squashes—cut up so that each pigling has his share. Once, the farmer's wife sliced a watermelon for them. Yum-*yum!*

This pig family are so neat and industrious that the farmer has just finished a house for them. It is partitioned off into sitting room, bed room, and attic. How the piglings and their mother do enjoy their new home! Ring-Tail sleeps up attic, on account of his snoring disturbing the others. Sometimes his brother Aleck begs to sleep with Ring-Tail, even if Ring-Tail does snore.





Five of the piglings have learned very pretty manners—Ring-Tail not so good. Ring-Tail is crazy about corn. When corn is dished up, Ring-Tail forgets his manners for the moment and puts his front feet into the platter; but he backs out and feels sorry when his brothers and sisters squeal at him. Perhaps they ought not to squeal at their greedy brother, but nobody wants to see a pig make a hog of himself.

I know those pigs. I carried the little ones in my arms before they could walk. The mother wouldn't let everybody do that. She likes me and knows that I am careful. Next week I am going to visit them, and will take with me a three-pound box of candy, mostly chocolate creams but some bon-bons. It's only an hour's railroad ride from Chicago. If the weather's fine, I may motor there on the state highway—time not much longer than by train, only the last half mile to the farm is a dirt road and rather heavy going. The piglings will be glad to meet me and the candy.

Their mother is proud of her interesting young family and well she may be. Those piglings love their mother. I should think they would. She takes such pains to raise them properly. Reading over this story, I'm afraid that people will think Ring-Tail a scamp. He isn't though, really; only a little pushing and thoughtless. He's improving. Ring-Tail will come out all right.

Uncle Henry

THE DOGS' SECOND VACATION

A Letter from Uncle Henry

DEAR JOE:

I'm glad you went along on the dogs' second vacation. It made things pleasanter all around. At first, your father and mother were afraid to let you go, for fear that you might be bitten.

But you said to your father and mother: "I tell you what, no dog ever bit me, and no dog ever will; all you have to do, when you see a strange dog, is to tell him to be a good dog. If he growls and bristles up, keep away from him. No use bothering with a really cross dog. But some dogs growl at you because they are guarding their master's things. That's all right. That's part of a dog's business, and he can't let anything interfere with business. Usually, when you tell a dog to be good, he is good. The sign is, a wag of the tail. Then you can pat him and he likes you."

That sounded sensible to your father and mother, and they let you go.

Another thing I'm glad of about your going is because you and I can talk the whole thing over when we feel like it. That is almost as much fun as the vacation itself. Let's talk it over now. I'll go ahead, and you remind me if I forget anything.

All right then, we'll begin at the beginning. Your Airedale, Sandy, and my bull terrier, Mike, planned in the spring to have the second summer vacation for dogs. The same place as the first vacation, the Highland Park Country Club. But the old barn there, where the dogs stayed that summer, had been remodeled into a garage and was full of automobiles. So that spoiled that plan.

Joe, you were the one to suggest going to Manitou Island on a sail boat. I'll admit that. I had suggested a steamboat excursion. You thought a minute and then you said that there might be people along whom the dogs wouldn't like. There was no getting around that. The steamboat idea had seemed fairly good to me; but now I saw that one cross man on board might spoil the whole vacation for all the dogs.

Suddenly you exclaimed, "Hire a sail boat and go to Manitou Island!" You had never been to the island yourself then; but I had told you about the vacation I spent there, when I was your age.

Well, sir, when you said "sail boat," I knew that that was the very best plan. As soon as you said it, you, Sandy, Mike and I fell to capering. Sandy and Mike were as much delighted as you and I were at the sail boat idea. That settled things.

We got a large single-masted sail boat; not a racer, because racers are too cranky for pleasure sailing. They carry too much sail and are liable to upset in a stiff wind. We didn't want to tip over and strew ourselves and the dogs all over Lake Michigan. That wouldn't be a nice vacation. No, our sail boat was quite broad in the beam so that it was a safe boat. But it had good speed lines. The best wind for it was from the south. With a breeze from that direction, whether light or heavy, the "Take It Easy" sailed fast.

That was the boat's name, when we got it, "Take It Easy," and we kept the name because it is a good name for a pleasure craft, and we were out for fun.

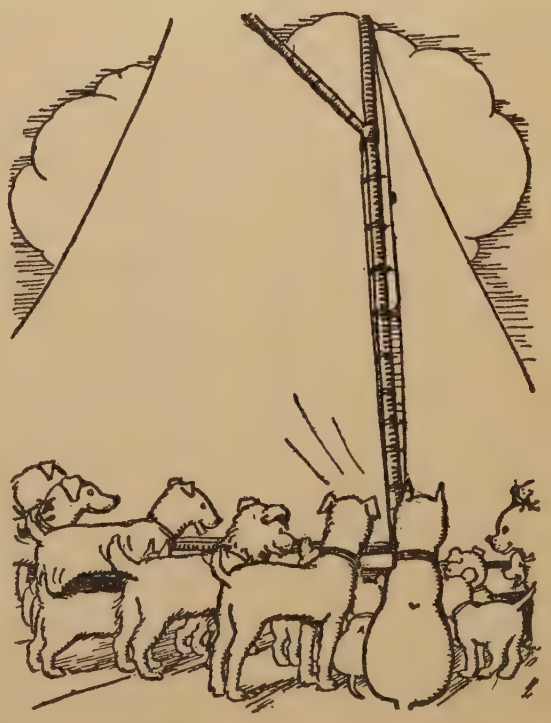
The cabin came up a little above the deck, so as to have a row of windows. The cabin filled the middle of the boat, but not quite that either, for there was a passage way on either side, connecting the decks fore and aft. There was a small galley for cooking, under the after deck. Sunlight came to the galley through a skylight.

There was a little state-room off the cabin, with an upper and a lower berth. The state-room had a row of hooks in it, for hanging clothes. The cabin itself was fairly large.

We stocked our boat well with provisions: an air-tight can full of bread, a crock of butter with the cover screwed down tight, a barrel of dog-biscuit, a cask of puppy-biscuit, a box of ginger-bread to be dealt out sparingly, a twelve-pound box of candy to be dealt out *very* sparingly, a sack of buckwheat flour for flap-jacks, and a jar of maple syrup.

At the army supply store we bought fifty pounds of roast beef, put up in two pound tins; and the tins were soldered, so that the meat would keep fresh. The United States had paid thirty-five cents a tin for that roast beef for army use. But the war was ended, and that stock was left over. We bought it at seventeen cents a tin. If that wasn't a bargain, I don't know what a bargain is. The man who sold us the roast beef said so himself, and he ought to know.

These supplies were put in the lockers of the boat, places you would call closets in a house. Any unfilled corners in the lockers we crammed with cookies and crackers. Well, I declare, I forgot to mention a very important thing—six slabs of breakfast bacon. We took in some other supplies and provisions, also, but I won't spin out this part of the story.



The dogs climbed on board from the Municipal Pier in Chicago. They were the same dogs who went to the Highland Park Country Club the year before. There was also old Major Barker, the wire-haired fox terrier who fell lame and couldn't go on the first vacation. He was almost well now and went along; he did favor his left hind leg a little when he became tired; but most of the time you wouldn't notice anything wrong with it.

This time Mrs. Bimbo

Gallagher, the little dog from the big garage, came, too, with her six puppies, now fine, frisky young fellows. Mike's friend Tony, and John Overton's dog, came from the Overton farm near Baraboo, Wisconsin, to join the crowd.

We had invited Mike's friend, Pierre, the French war dog, but he wasn't at the pier, and we had to start without him. The trouble was that his master's watch was twenty minutes wrong; a grain of sand had lodged in the works and made the watch run slow. As soon as Pierre found this out, he rushed along the beach and stood on the shore opposite to us, as we were sailing past Lincoln Park. Pierre barked loudly. We heard him, and you looked through the spy-glass to make sure that it was Pierre. Then we anchored while Pierre swam out to us. The waves were high but he is a large strong dog and didn't mind the waves. He jumped from a big wave onto the deck.

About fifty yards behind Pierre, we made out through the spy-glass a little dog, half black-and-tan-terrier. I don't know what the other half was. The other half had a bushy tail. Full blooded black-and-tans have slender tails. The little fellow was having a hard time of it in the tumbling waters. We shouted out to him an invitation to go on the dogs' vacation. He coughed the water out of his lungs and barked back that he would be glad to join us.

When the little dog came alongside, I dipped him up in a minnow net and landed him safe and sound on deck. Then Mike found that he knew the little dog slightly. The little dog's name was Rick

Persky and he belonged to Israel Persky, who used to keep the grocery store on St. Clair Street but sold out and moved to California to raise oranges. Mike had supposed that Rick went there with Israel; but it turned out that Rick had been accidentally left behind and had been sleeping in alleys and feeding on garbage for some time.

Pierre had befriended Rick all that summer. Rick happened to be eating scraps on the beach, when he saw Pierre swimming out to our sail boat. Rick plunged in and swam there, too. Rick soon made friends with the other dogs on the boat and proved to be one of the pleasantest young fellows they had ever met.

Joe, you can climb like a monkey, so you took the upper berth in the state-room. I steered the boat out of the track of any large vessels. Then I anchored the boat, hung out a lantern, lowered the sail, and went to sleep in the lower berth. You were fast asleep in the upper.

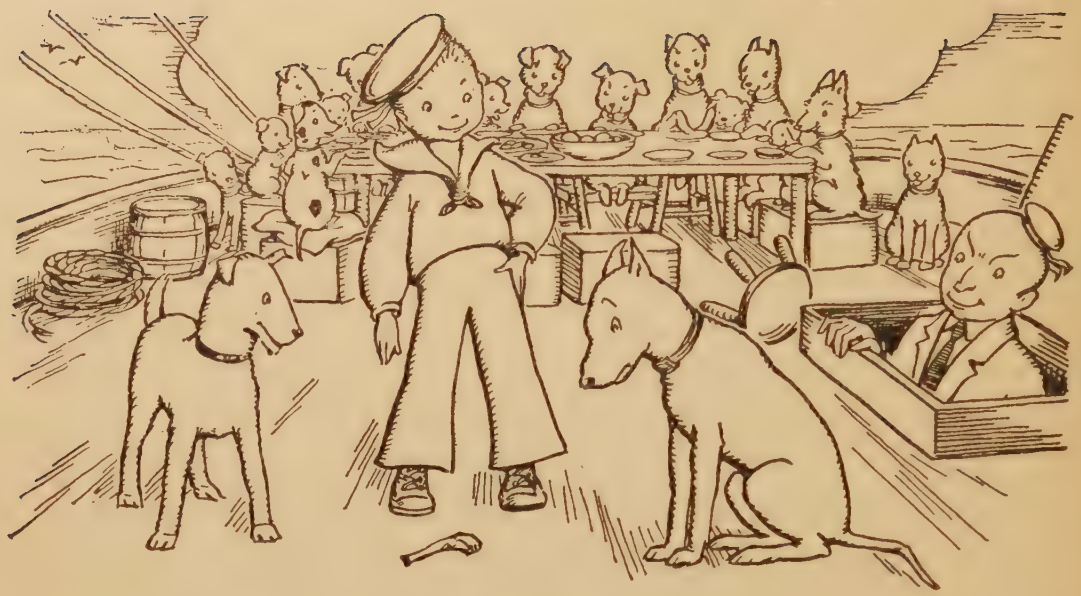
The dogs slept on the floor of the cabin, most of them cuddled up together on the big rug. Each of the dogs that was left took his own little blanket and curled himself up in it.

There was a brass gong on deck fastened to the mast. One stroke on the gong meant breakfast, two strokes dinner (we had noon dinners), and three strokes supper. The dogs learned those signals the first day out.

The second day was rough weather; but the dogs had been sailing then for twenty-four hours and by that time had become used to the water.

The weather was so fine the third day that dinner was served on deck. That was the time when Mike and Sandy had a little quarrel over a bone. It was more Mike's fault than Sandy's. They soon made up.

Mike hung his head when you made a rhyme about him.



The rhyme went:

"Come now and see the fighter;
He ought to be politer."

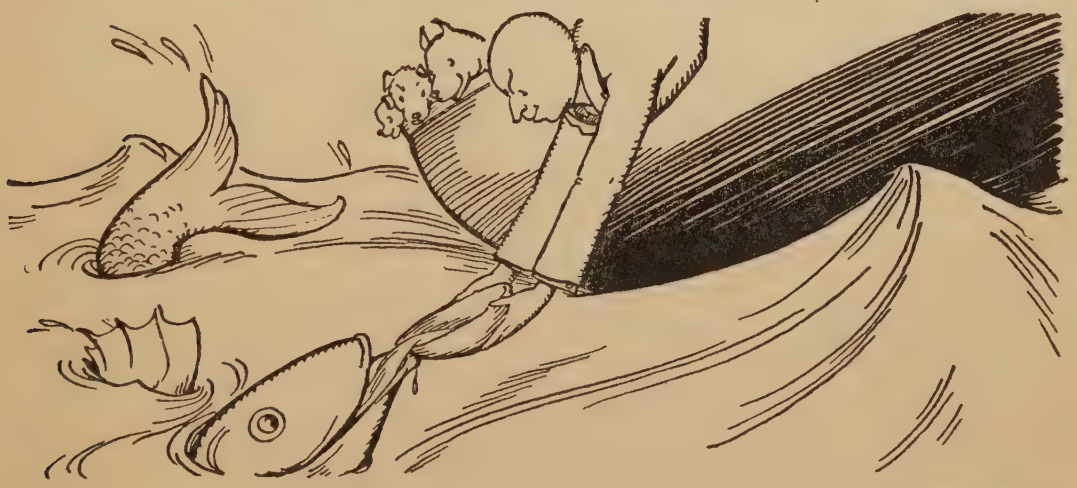
Bounce Curtin, the Curtin family's young Airedale, is a good ball player. He was chasing a ball on deck. The ball struck the rail and bounded back. Bounce turned to follow the ball but he slipped and fell sideways under the rail and into the water. No harm was done. Rod Flannigan, the good-natured dog of the good-natured motorman on the elevated road, plunged in to save Bounce, but it wasn't necessary. Both dogs were excellent swimmers. They swam to the boat in a few strokes. I caught them by their collars with a boat hook and fished them out. The other dogs made a little fun of Bounce and Rod, but everybody was good natured.

That day, we sailed over a sand bank about ten feet under water and saw some big fish swimming around. So we anchored and all hands went fishing. You rigged up for each dog, a rod, line, cork, sinker and hook. You baited the hooks with bits of roast beef. Each dog watched his own cork, and when it went under water the dog knew that he had caught a fish. Then the dog barked loudly and you or I rushed to the spot and pulled the fish out. The fish bit fast, and you and I were kept busy, running from one rod to another.

We fried the fish in the galley and were quite careful about taking the bones out. The fish made excellent eating. Duff Morrison, the Morrisons' Scotch terrier, did get a fish bone down his throat. But you thumped Duff on the back for his own good until he coughed up the bone. And Duff said, "That's almost as good as having my back scratched."

About the middle of Lake Michigan, we enjoyed a surprise call from your Tame Fish. He came near passing by without seeing us. He was swimming close to the surface of the water, but his eyes looked straight ahead and he was going like a race horse. His course was about fifty yards west of the sail boat. Mike happened to be looking over the water after gulls. Mike didn't see any gulls that time, but he did see and recognize the Tame Fish and barked a welcome to him.

The Tame Fish whirled about and lashed the water with his tail until the water foamed, as he speeded to the boat. He stopped quickly



at the side of the boat and was delighted to see us all. So were we, to see him. You gave the fish a bowl of buttermilk and four slices of raw bacon. The fish was hungry and didn't care to wait for his bacon to be cooked. He could stay only two hours with us because he was on his vacation, too. He was traveling to visit relatives in Lake Superior.

The Tame Fish's old grandfather lives in the river Nipigon, which flows into Lake Superior. So there was to be a family reunion at the mouth of the Nipigon river, convenient for the grandfather. It was to take place in three days and the Tame Fish was afraid of being late.

That was the reason why the Tame Fish could stay with us only a couple of hours. But he did a good many nice things for us in that time. Of course, he took you out riding on his back. You are a fast rider, and that fish fairly seemed to fly. Next, he took out Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher's puppies, one at a time. With a pup on his back, the fish swam slowly and gently. Mrs. Bimbo Gallagher was anxious at first for fear her children would fall off; but when she saw how careful the Tame Fish was, she became entirely easy in her mind.

That Tame Fish dived near a reef and brought up a parcel of clams for the dogs. I advised the dogs to keep them as a relish with their supper, but they decided to eat the clams at once.

Then the Tame Fish dived again, and this time he brought up a pearl for Susan, not absolutely round, but full of rosy light. You handed the pearl to Susan when we came home. That is the pearl that her father had set in a platinum ring for her. She doesn't wear it commonly; but she puts it on for dancing school, Sunday school parties, and such things.

When the fish had to go, you and I gave him three cheers, and the dogs gave him three bow-wows.

On our fourth day, the wind died down entirely, and the boat stood still. This delay was serious because it might shorten our stay on Manitou Island. But the Airedales on board volunteered to tow the boat. After the Airedales volunteered, the other dogs volunteered, too. But Airedales are the best water dogs and they volunteered first, so we accepted them.

They were Rowdy Walders, Billy Ruysdael, Marathon Jiggs, Sandy Miller and Bounce Curtin. We tied a rope to each dog's collar and let the ropes out, so that the Airedales swam about twenty feet in front of the boat. It was hard pulling at first, like starting a wagon out of the mud; but after that, the boat ran easily and at a good speed. We served beef tea all around to the Airedales every half hour, to keep them from being chilled. The Airedales felt that they could go on forever; but towards evening a good breeze began to blow, so we set our sail and hauled the Airedales on board.

None of the Airedales felt the least bad results from exposure to the wet. Bounce Curtin was tired because he was the youngest and

had been very ambitious to pull as hard as the older Airedales. But one night's sleep and a good breakfast made Bounce as fit as a fiddle.

We pitched our tents and remained on the island ten days. The principal amusements were eating, swimming, and exploring. Tony Overton found a maple tree, and the dogs licked maple syrup from the bark. There were plenty of berries on the island. The fishing was not so particularly good.

The most exciting adventure on the island was treeing a wild cat. Bounce Curtin and Little Bim, the two youngest dogs, found the wild cat in the bushes and chased him out. The wild cat turned on the little dogs when he saw how small they were; but they had been making a big noise. Pierre, the French war dog, heard the noise and came bounding over the bushes. When the wild cat saw Pierre, the wild cat ran up a tree.

Pierre let out a most tremendous growl. At that sound all the dogs ran to the foot of the tree and made the island ring with their barking.

Airedales are good climbers. Sandy Miller, Billy Ruysdael, and Marathon Jiggs made a run and a jump and landed on the lower branch of the tree. Sandy and Marathon fell off but didn't hurt themselves. Billy clung on and clambered to the next branch. The wild cat retreated to the top of the tree.

Joe, you wanted to climb after that wild cat; but I held you back. I told you that you couldn't make a wild cat wag his tail, even if you should call him a good dog. If you tried to pat him, he would give you a wipe with his claws.

. While we were looking at the snarling wild cat, he jumped into the next big tree and then into a little tree and from the little tree to the ground. That gave the wild cat a good start. He disappeared down a hole in the ground.

Scotch terriers are good diggers. Duff Morrison started to dig the wild cat out; but I pulled back Duffy by the tail, because he was too small to fight a wild cat. Duff is brave but he is altogether too small for wild-cat fighting.

We never saw the wild cat again. I believe that he got out through some other hole. We had given him a good scare, anyhow. Probably the wild cat left the island that night and swam over to the mainland.

But so long as we stayed on the island, every time the dogs wanted a little excitement they would go yelping, sometimes the whole pack, at other times by twos and threes, and dig for that wild cat. The dogs must have dug up, first and last, an acre and a half. It made the ground good for garden truck, if we had brought any seeds with us, but we hadn't.

We had to live on the food which was stored in the boat. The older dogs looked serious when you reported to me that our supplies were getting low. So we hoisted sail and started for Chicago. We were on half rations the last day, but nobody complained. It only made the good dinner which was waiting for each dog taste better when he arrived at his own home.

True, Rick Persky had no home then, but good fortune was coming to Rick. A stout good-natured middle-aged man, named Donaldson, in a blue serge suit and Panama hat was amused to see the dogs troop off the sail boat onto the Municipal Pier. He patted the dogs as they passed him. A happy thought occurred to you, Joe. You asked that man if he didn't want a dog. He said he did. You recommended Rick Persky highly. Rick recommended himself by vigorous wags of his bushy tail. The man asked, "How much." You answered, "Not a cent, only a good home." The man said, "I'll take him." Rick bounded up and down and dashed around in short circles, so great was his joy. Rick's name is now Rick Donaldson. Mr. Donaldson is a kind master and has given Rick a silver collar. Rick visited Mike last Saturday and showed Mike the silver collar.

Rick's tail has become smooth and tapering like a regular black-and-tan terrier's. This is how it happens: Every time Mr. Donaldson goes to the barber for a hair cut, the barber trims Rick's tail.

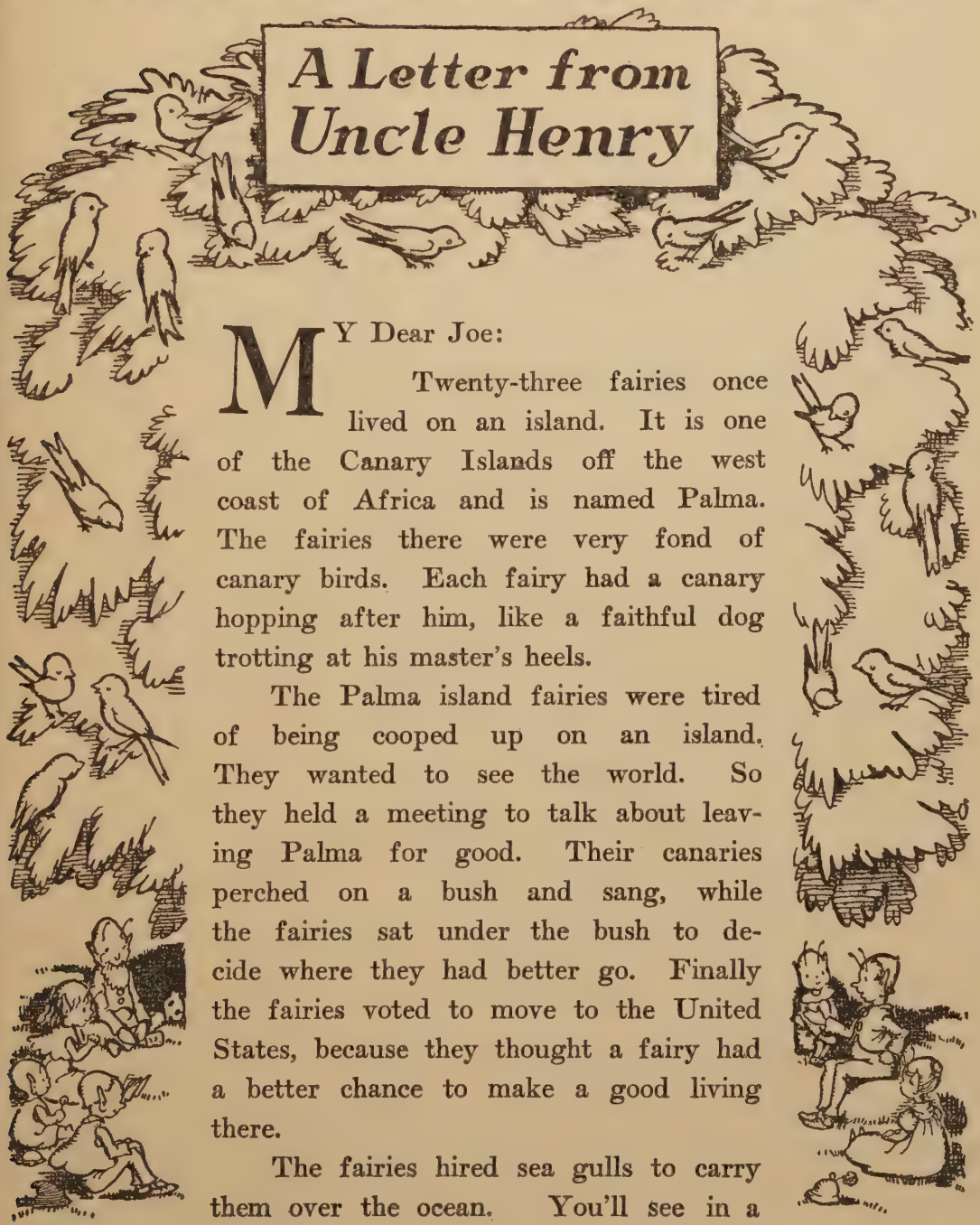
The vacation did everybody good, especially little Bim. The fresh air and exercise started little Bim to growing and he is now as tall as his brothers and sisters.

Your affectionate,

Uncle Henry

FAIRIES' BIRD-BACK RIDE

A Letter from Uncle Henry



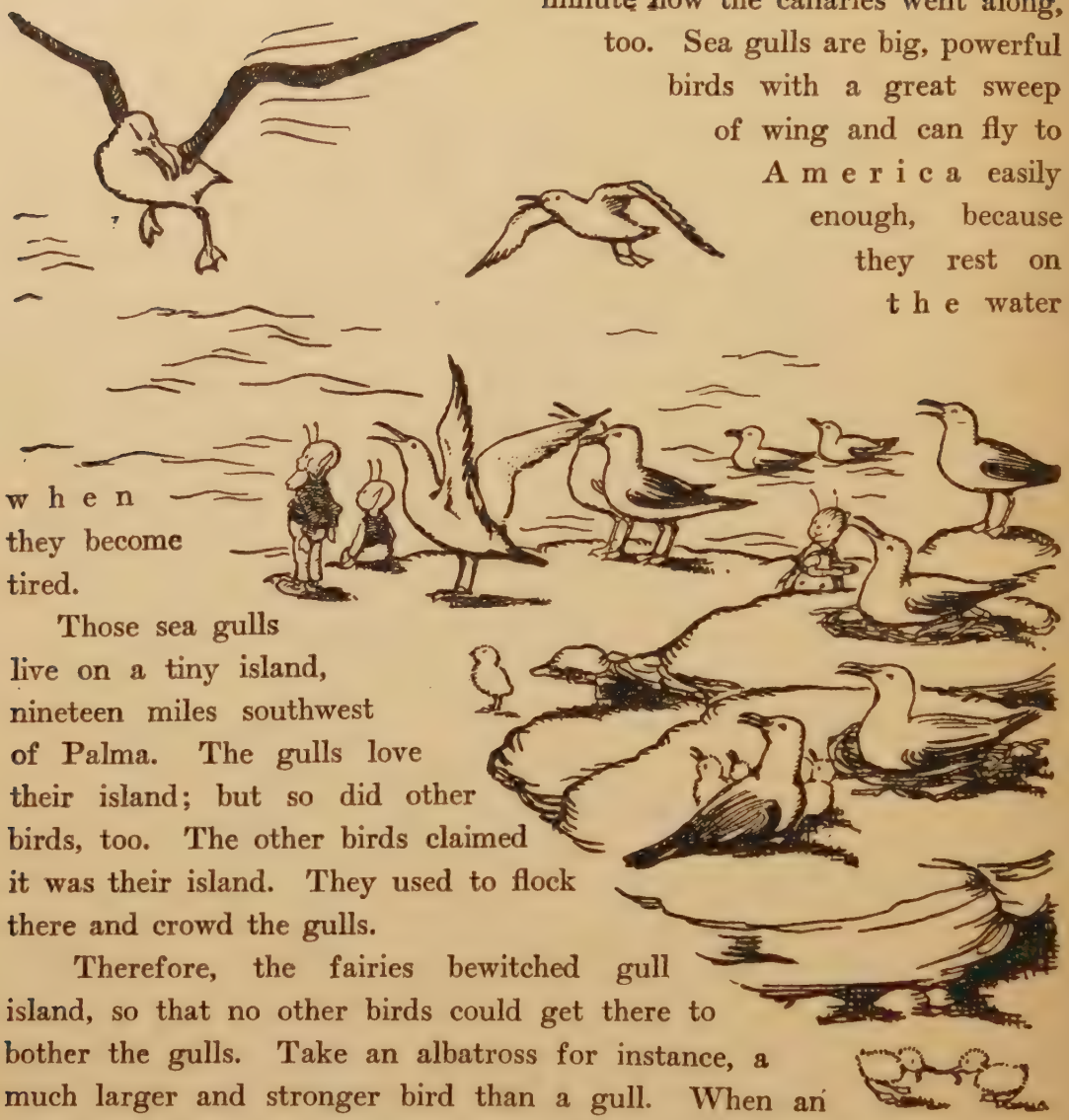
MY Dear Joe:

Twenty-three fairies once lived on an island. It is one of the Canary Islands off the west coast of Africa and is named Palma. The fairies there were very fond of canary birds. Each fairy had a canary hopping after him, like a faithful dog trotting at his master's heels.

The Palma island fairies were tired of being cooped up on an island. They wanted to see the world. So they held a meeting to talk about leaving Palma for good. Their canaries perched on a bush and sang, while the fairies sat under the bush to decide where they had better go. Finally the fairies voted to move to the United States, because they thought a fairy had a better chance to make a good living there.

The fairies hired sea gulls to carry them over the ocean. You'll see in a

minute how the canaries went along, too. Sea gulls are big, powerful birds with a great sweep of wing and can fly to America easily enough, because they rest on the water when they become tired.



Those sea gulls live on a tiny island, nineteen miles southwest of Palma. The gulls love their island; but so did other birds, too. The other birds claimed it was their island. They used to flock there and crowd the gulls.

Therefore, the fairies bewitched gull island, so that no other birds could get there to bother the gulls. Take an albatross for instance, a much larger and stronger bird than a gull. When an albatross flew near gull island, one wing began to flap quicker than the other. It turned the albatross around and pointed his beak to the outer ocean. He couldn't help it. The albatross could fly in that direction without any trouble, but as for turning back to gull island, oh no, he couldn't do it on account of the magic.

The gulls were delighted to have their island to themselves. No longer did strange birds try to drive the gulls away. The mother gulls nested undisturbed on the large flat rocks, warmed by the sun. They chattered to each other about the best way of raising a family. The

mothers didn't have to worry about one of their downy little ones running to complain that an albatross had pecked him.

When the fairies worked this magic and kept it working, the gulls were perfectly willing to pay for it by carrying the fairies to the United States. The gulls and the fairies were both satisfied with their bargain.

So off started the twenty-three fairies, twenty-three canaries and sixty-nine gulls. I'll tell you why so many gulls. Each fairy had three gulls, one for the fairy to ride, the second gull for the fairy's canary and the third gull to carry food for the fairy and his canary on the trip across the ocean. The gulls didn't have to carry food for themselves, because gulls can always catch fish. Gulls follow vessels, too, and feed on scraps thrown from the kitchen windows or rather from the galley port-holes. (The kitchen of a ship is called a galley and has round holes for windows).

The whole party of fairies, gulls, and canaries had a pleasant time on their twelve days' voyage. The winds blew softly. Each night the crowd rested on the water. The rolling Atlantic moved them to and fro on its billows, as gently as a nurse rocks children in a cradle. The canaries slept on the backs of the gulls, because canaries are naturally land birds and don't like to wet their feet.

The party had an exciting time one Thursday. I'll tell you

about it. That afternoon they saw a great ocean liner ploughing the waves, band playing, young people dancing, ladies in steamer chairs, reading or gossiping, men playing ring-toss, children skylarking, mothers and nurses running after the children to keep them out of mischief, American flag streaming in the wind. One boy insisted on climbing the flag staff, but was held back by his strong Irish nurse. This was the first time that the fairies had ever seen the flag of their new country and they looked at the Stars and Stripes with great pride and pleasure.

The fairy party huddled behind a cloud, which was going the same way as the steamer. So they flew quite near the steamer, without anybody on board seeing them, except a parrot. The parrot happened to be looking through a porthole. The parrot yelled "hello" to the gulls and canaries. At that, the fairies thought it more prudent to fly farther away from the steamer.

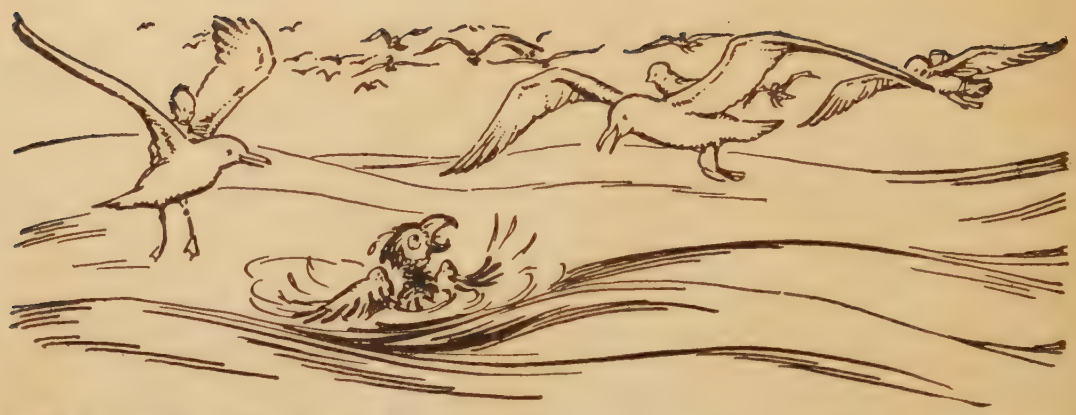
Two hours after midnight, however, when most of the steamer's lights were out, the fairy party flew back, just for fun, and fluttered down to the deck of the vessel. The lookouts on the steamer were the only people awake and they stood at the bow of the vessel gazing ahead; so they didn't see the fairy party coming amidship. Oh yes, the steersman was awake, too, but he was high up in the pilot house. The gulls and canaries stretched their legs by running up and down the deck with a hippity-hop motion, but they kept away from the bow.

Presently, the fairies and birds trooped into the main cabin. One fairy played the piano. He had to run along the key-board, striking the right notes with his feet. That fairy played a lively tune. All the other fairies danced.

Only two souls on board knew of this midnight visit. The passengers slept all through it, except the parrot and a child named Tommy Thompson. The parrot came waddling into the cabin, made friends with the gulls and canaries, and treated them to ship biscuit. They smacked their bills because it tasted good.

Tommy tiptoed into the cabin in his nightgown. He usually sleeps all night long, a-float or a-shore; shuts his eyes about eight o'clock in the evening and opens them next morning at seven, with a fine appetite for breakfast. But this time, the music waked him much earlier, although it wasn't very loud—only a merry tinkle. Tommy gazed earnestly at the strange company before him. He didn't say a word—just looked at the party in astonishment. Tommy could see the fairies because they had piled their invisible caps on the sofa. The fairies winked at Tommy.

Tom's face wore a solemn look at the sight of all these wonders. His mother used to read to him about fairies, but he had never seen any real ones before. He did smile once, when the liveliest of the fairies cut an extra caper and fell head over heels. The fairy didn't



hurt himself. He jumped up and frisked off again, as gay as ever, and waved his hand to Tom.

After half a dozen dances, the younger fairies wanted one more dance, an old-fashioned two-step, but the other fairies thought that it was high time to make off. Away went the fairies with all the birds, except the parrot. The parrot tried to go with the others, but his wings had been clipped so that he couldn't fly.

In trying to fly, the parrot fell into the ocean. Salt water got into his nose and eyes. He flapped his short wings helplessly on the rolling waves. He screeched for help. The good-natured gulls swooped down to the parrot's help. They carried the parrot on their broad pinions and landed him on the deck. The parrot sneezed the salt water out of his nose and eyes and then felt perfectly well.

Tommy Thompson watched the rescue of the parrot and the departure of the fairies and canaries and gulls. Then Tommy crept back to his berth. When morning came, he tried to tell his mother and his nurse about the wonders of the night, but they said to each other that the child must have been dreaming.

That same day, the fairies and the birds came in sight of land. The fairies and canaries were very much excited over their first glimpse of the United States. The gulls didn't pay so much attention to it, because they fly across twenty times a year, or more than that, maybe. The fairies laughed with delight and clapped their hands. The canaries sang a song of joy.

BROWNIE

A Letter from Uncle Henry

MY dear Joe:

Once the maid at your flat went back to Ireland and nobody was found to fill her place. You and your father and your mother ate your meals outside, and you helped your mother keep the flat in order. You made your own bed. It was good fun punching the pillows and bolsters into shape. When your mother asked you to turn the mattress, you looked doubtful. Then your mother said, "Oh, no, I forgot that you were so small." When your mother said that, you turned the mattress just to show her that you were big.

One night a bowl of bread and cream was accidentally left on the floor by the kitchen range. Your mother had intended to put it in the refrigerator. But just then a fashionable lady called to talk to your mother about the opera and ermine capes, and so your mother forgot the bread and cream.

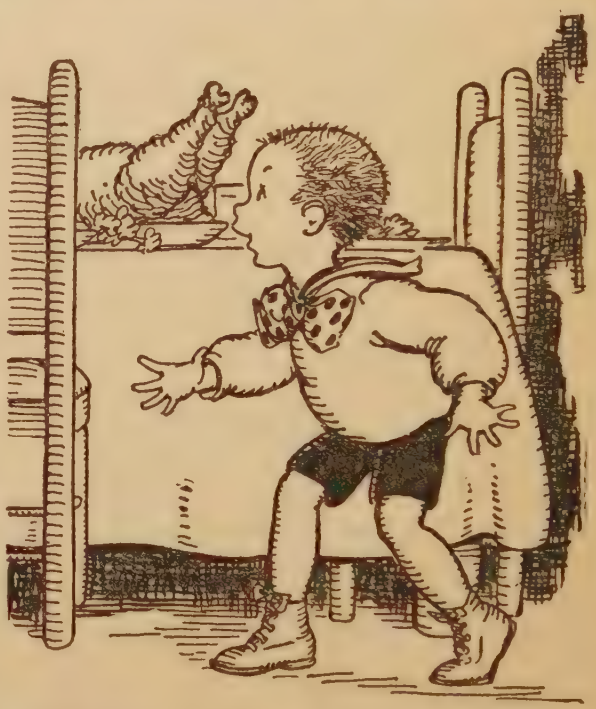
In the morning, your mother found to her great surprise that the kitchen floor had been scrubbed, the mop dried and hung on a nail, the hall swept, and the parlor dusted. The bread and cream were gone, but in the bowl was a slip of paper, on which was written,

"Thank you for the bread and cream—Brownie."

You searched the flat but found nobody there. That noon, you

and your mother went off in a hurry to lunch with your father at a restaurant. You took lamb chops and strawberry ice cream. You had left some clothes lying around in the flat. When you came back, the clothes were all brushed and hung up in the closet. You had left your old high shoes on the floor quite muddy when you changed into low shoes to go to lunch. They had been highly polished while you were away.

When your father came home that afternoon, he said that you would all dine at a restaurant because you had no cook. When your father said that, a voice seemed to come from the wall. It said, *"Dine at home."* Your mother thought that some mischievous boy must be calling through the speaking tube.



You were not going to dine at the restaurant until seven. Your mother went to change her dress, while your father read the evening paper. It was only six o'clock. Seven o'clock was so far away that you started for the kitchen to take a light lunch before dinner. You had to pass through the dining-room. When you came there, you ran back to your father and mother, calling out, "See, see!" Indeed there was something worth seeing. The table was all set for dinner and the chairs drawn up. A small but very fat turkey, cooked to a turn, lay steaming on the platter. A dish of giblet gravy stood by the platter. Baked potatoes were heaped on another dish. A stalk of celery lay at each plate. There was a bunch of violets in the center of the table on a low stand of yellow glass.

Your father said, "This is perfectly astonishing, but we won't let that good dinner go to waste. After dinner, I'll take Mother to the theater." You said, "Me, too," and they took you along. You enjoyed

the first two acts very much and had a delightful nap during the third act. You couldn't remember how you came home from the theatre. It was in a cab. You woke up on the elevator in the apartment building, and you were wide awake when your father unlocked the door of the flat.

The flat looked as if it had been tidied up a little, while you were all at the theatre. You didn't notice anything special, except that a table you had broken the day before, when you stood on top of it to smell some flowers on the mantlepiece, had been nicely mended.

Your mother said, "I wonder whether there is any connection between all these wonderful doings and that bowl of bread and cream." Anyhow, it was worth while trying to find out. Your mother set another bowl of bread and cream on the floor by the kitchen range. It was all gone the next morning. The whole flat, too, was as spick and span as if a scrubwoman had been working there all night. Breakfast was ready on the table—ham and eggs, toast and cereal.

Your father said, "A kind Brownie is waiting on us. I don't know him yet, but we ought to try to make him comfortable." A child's bed, which you had outgrown, was made up in the kitchen. You got up early the next morning to see whether anybody was sleeping there. There *wasn't* anybody, but there was a little dented-down place in the middle of the bed as if a house-cat might have been lying there. But you

had no cat. "Dogs and cats are not allowed in the building." Breakfast was ready at the usual hour; this time you had grapefruit, sausages, and fried potatoes.

You and your father and mother had been invited to dinner at your grandmother's that day. When you came back, the carpet sweeper had been run through the whole flat, picking up every speck of dust. Some chicken sandwiches and a few bananas were on the table. Whoever was waiting on you seemed to know that you had had a big noon dinner at your grandmother's but might relish a little snack before you went to bed. You did.

You resolved that you would get up at midnight to find out who was sleeping in the kitchen. Instead of that, you slept later than usual. However, you made up your mind to wake up at midnight the next time. You are too big to have to take naps in the afternoon, but now you took an afternoon nap of your own accord. Indeed, you didn't get up for dinner but dined in bed. You had a broiled quail. The kind creature who was waiting on the flat had cooked quail for dinner.

This time you woke up at midnight and crept into the kitchen in your dressing gown and slippers. While you were trying to turn on the electric light, you heard a rustling. When you turned on the light, the bedclothes were all in disorder and the pillow on the floor. You saw nobody, however; but a laughing voice called out, *"Not this time! You nearly got me, but not quite."*

Of course, every night, your mother set a bowl of bread and cream on the kitchen floor and made up the little bed in the kitchen. Every morning, the bread and cream were gone and the bed was found to be

mussed up a little. Every day your mother found that the flat had been swept and dusted from one end to the other and meals were ready on the table. One day, you happened to see the carpet-sweeper moving along the hall without anybody in sight to push it. As you rushed down the hall, you heard little feet running away.

Then you cried out, "Oh, Brownie, if that is your name, won't you shake hands with me, even if you won't let me see you?" At that, there was a laugh and a pleasant little voice asked, "You won't try to hold me, will you, if I shake hands with you?" You promised, and a small hand slid into your hand. It pressed yours gently but you let go, because you had said you would.

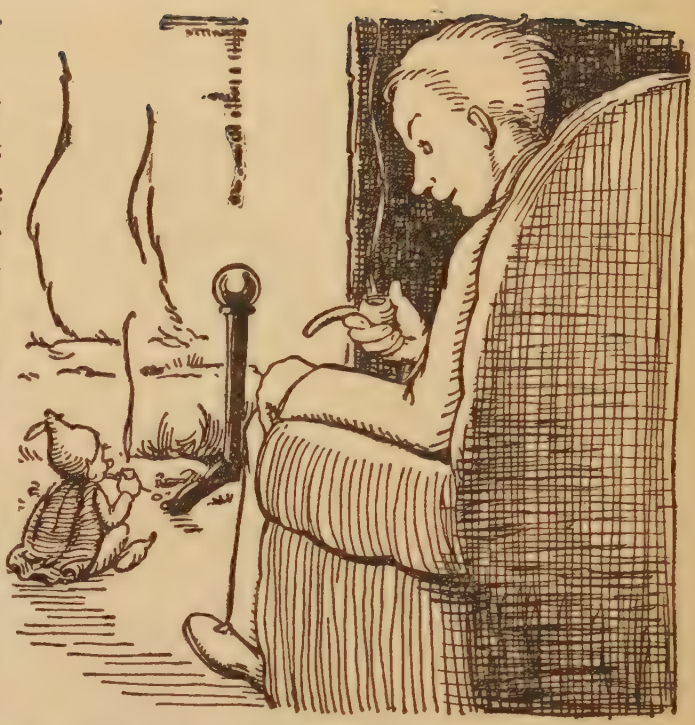
One Saturday afternoon, you went into the dining-room ahead of your father and mother and saw a platter of roast beef being carried to the dinner table. The platter looked as if it were floating through the air, because you couldn't see anybody carrying it. Then you exclaimed, "Brownie, oh, Brownie, please let me see you."

The air began to stir and tremble in the corner of the room. A little cloud appeared there. Slowly it took shape. First, you saw a pair of bright eyes; then a little wrinkled face; finally you saw the whole Brownie. He was short but strongly built, with broad shoulders. He was dressed all in brown, with a hood standing straight up and coming to a point, pointed shoes, a close-fitting suit, a silk shirt, and a cape hanging from his shoulders. The cape was richly embroidered in gold. So was the hood. There was a brown feather at the point of the hood. You couldn't tell exactly how long you saw the Brownie, probably not more than two or three minutes. He smiled at you gaily and you smiled back. Then the Brownie said, *"Well, I musn't let the oyster stew burn on the stove."* At that, the Brownie faded away. You followed into the kitchen and saw the spoon stirring the stew but you couldn't see who held the spoon.

The longest time you ever saw the Brownie was when he played a game of checkers with you. You and he were alone in the flat. It was a long, hard-fought, close game. The Brownie beat. Then he laughed and kicked up his heels in glee. That time you must have seen him all of fifteen minutes.

Your father and mother caught a few glimpses of the Brownie,

mostly in the early morning or late at night. Once, your mother saw the Brownie in his shirt sleeves, making an apple pie. The Brownie sang and whistled to himself at his work.



Your father was smoking by the open fire-place (there is an open fire-place in your flat). It was about eleven o'clock at night. He heard a rustling and thought that it might be the Brownie, but didn't expect to see him. However, the first thing your father knew, the Brownie sat by the open fire, warming his hands. He took a little pipe from his vest pocket and asked your father for tobacco. The Brownie crumbled up the tobacco and put it in his pipe. He picked a live coal from the fire. As he did so, he cried "Ouch," but the live coal didn't seem to hurt the Brownie much. For he lit his pipe from it, before he threw it back on the fire. Most tobacco smoke is a pale blue color. The smoke from the Brownie's pipe was bright blue and had little glints of red, green, and yellow. Finally, the Brownie said, *"Well, this is very pleasant, but I ought to be scrubbing the kitchen."*

Your father followed to the kitchen. Things were in some commotion there. The hot-water faucet turned and filled the pail. The pail came down from the sink to the floor, without spilling any water. The scrubbing-brush dipped into the pail and began to scrub the floor. The Brownie must have been doing these things but your father couldn't see him.

Finally, your mother had a chance to hire a good girl. Your mother thought that the Brownie would like to have somebody to help him with his work. But your mother was mistaken. Brownies are very sensitive.

Their feelings are easily hurt. This Brownie thought that your mother wasn't satisfied with his work. She was entirely satisfied, but she thought that the work might be too hard for the Brownie all by himself.

Another thing happened that the Brownie didn't like. He used to keep the broom and dust-pan standing in the kitchen corner. The new girl hung the broom and dust-pan high up in the back entry.

One evening, the new girl made herself a cup of tea and used some of the Brownie's cream and filled up his bowl with milk. It was very new milk, and the new girl thought that the Brownie wouldn't know the difference. But he did.

The next morning, only part of the Brownie's bread and cream had been eaten. The rest of it was spilled on the floor. In the empty bowl, were the following rhymes:

"Two for housework is too much;
I don't like another's touch.
Thanks for every kindness done;
I must say good-bye and run."

Sure enough, the Brownie was gone. His bowl of bread and cream was left on the kitchen floor for him night after night, but it was found untouched in the morning, except once. But you knew about that time. It was not the Brownie who ate it up. It was an alley cat that sneaked into the kitchen, when the iceman was filling the refrigerator.

The Brownie went away in a huff, but I know that he likes you because he shook hands with you and showed himself to you and played checkers with you, when he lived in the flat. If you go to see him, I don't believe that he will make himself invisible to you. No sir, the first thing you know, when you come near him, he will slide his little hand into yours and then he will let you see his bright eyes, wrinkled face, and brown clothes.

Probably he is sorry by this time that he left your flat. Your mother didn't mean to hurt his feelings. She wants to tell him so. I hope he sees this letter. Of course, we can't hunt the world over to find that Brownie, but we don't have to do that. Our search will be narrowed down to the north of England. I know this because of something the Brownie said to you one day.

You remember the time when the dust-pan and feather duster were flying about your parlor, making it neat for Sunday. You couldn't see anybody dusting, but you knew that it must be the Brownie. You called out, in hopes of making him talk: "Brownie, where's your home when you are not working out?" Quick as a flash, the Brownie sang this rhyme:

"Since you ask, I'm from Kingland,
Northern part of Merry England."

Now, sir, I've looked up a book about the northern counties of England. The book says that Kingland is a large farm there belonging to King George. The book goes on to tell that the farm isn't much good for raising crops because it is too hilly for ploughing; but that the cows which graze there yield rich milk. The cream from the Kingland dairy is sent to King George's palace in London, packed in ice so that it won't turn sour.

Now there you are; it is quite certain that the Brownie lives on that farm. If we go there, I bet you that we shall find him.

Getting to England is easy. Your father and mother are going there for their summer vacation next year and have promised to take you. They have asked me to go, too. Our whole party will spend two weeks in London, seeing the sights. Then your father and mother intend to tour the English lakes and naturally expect you and me to go with them. We will, but not for long.

We will excuse ourselves and hire an automobile and go motoring to Kingland. We will search Kingland thoroughly, especially the hilly part of it, because Brownies live in hills when they are not working out. Probably we shall find the Brownie on some grassy hillside. Won't that be fun?

Perhaps we can persuade him to go back to New York with us. We will tell him that he can do all the housework himself, if he doesn't wish anybody to help him. If he should ask for any assistance, your mother will promise to hire somebody who won't touch the Brownie's bread and cream. Doesn't that sound like a pretty good plan?

Your affectionate,

Uncle Henry